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KING'S COLLEGE London.—**SANSKRIT** LANGUAGE and LITERATURE, and the HINDUSTANI LANGUAGE.—Professor DUNCAN FORBES will deliver, on MONDAY, January 29th, at three o'clock, an Introductory Lecture on the Sanscrit Language and Literature, and will continue a Course of Lectures on that subject on each succeeding Monday, at the same hour, until the Lecture to be open to any gentleman delivering his card to the porter for attendance. The usual Course on the Hindustani Language will commence on FRIDAY, February 2nd, at three o'clock, and will be continued at the same hour on each succeeding Friday. Jan. 4, 1849.

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THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—Members and others desirous of possessing Mr. COUSINS' Engraving of the CHANDOS PORTRAIT of SHAKESPEARE, will be present. The size of the Engraving is 10 inches by 8, and it is to be sold in frames. Non-Members can possess the Engraving by paying 2s., being the subscription for 1848 and 1849, with which they will be supplied, in addition, to all the books of the Society for those years.

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THE PARKER SOCIETY.—The Subscriptions to the Parker Society for 1849 were due on the 1st of January, and the Council particularly request that the Members will oblige them by paying the amount (1s.) as soon as possible to WILLIAM THOMAS, Esq., Secretary for General Business, at the Office, 33, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

The Parker Society's Tytler, and Fulke's Answers to Sleton, Martial, and Sander, have been issued for 1848; and the two remaining Books for the same year, viz., a volume of Bishop Jewel, including his Apology, and commencing the second division of his writings, also a volume of Bradford, will, it is expected, be ready for delivery next month.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849.

REVIEWS

Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German by Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon. 3 vols. Murray.

The question has been already discussed in our columns, in reference to this very work of Prof. Ranke, of the right of a translator or publisher to change the title of his original: and we have now a word or two to add. Our remonstrance appears to have led to a modification of the title of the then unpublished translation—but one scarcely in the right direction. Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon have expanded the simple—but erroneous—title 'History of Prussia' into the complex—but equally erroneous—one set forth above. For this licence, however, they now plead the Professor's "consent." What a consent of the kind is worth, the competent reader will be able to judge; but, having given it, the author must share the responsibility of all the misconceptions to which it may give rise. The English public are also parties in this matter; and the critic may still, on their behalf, refuse his consent—the author's notwithstanding. A porch is not a palace, nor a parterre a park, who ever may authorize their being so called. Herr Ranke's 'Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte' is not a 'History of Prussia.' As its title suggests, it is an historical monograph—and nothing more. "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," and "History of Prussia," either in "the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries" or "down to the present time," lie alike out of the writer's intention. What he has composed is an account of the external and internal affairs of the Prussian State during the Seven Years War, with a brief historical introduction. Kemble's 'Saxons in England' or Napier's 'Peninsular War' might as reasonably be called by some translator a History of England. The sixth chapter of the work commences with Frederick II.—by his friends styled the Great; and the work terminates with a description of Prussia at the conclusion of the Silesian or Seven Years War,—while the monarch was still a youth.—Our duty is done in recalling attention to the subject. Formerly, we defended Prof. Ranke against his translators: now, it would seem, we have to defend him against them—and himself.

It is not to be supposed from these preliminary remarks in the way of objection that Herr Ranke's book is not an important one. We have been describing—not depreciating—it. The author's zeal and industry are everywhere apparent in his completed task. Several years were devoted to a careful collection, examination, and revision of the materials. The various archives of Berlin, Dresden, Paris, London and Dessau were explored, and various matters of historic interest and novelty extracted from them. Some of these throw an almost electric light into the dark adyta of court intrigue and underground government. As the time treated of was an age of diplomacy and finesse *par excellence*, these revelations are of great consequence. Indeed, we may fairly say of Prof. Ranke's work, that no more useful and instructive addition has been made to the Englishman's library for years. But this is not all:—it has an interest not only for the past, but for the present and the future also. It is designed to be an oracle as well as a record—prophecy as well as history. No one in Germany is ignorant of this character of the book; and the English reader will not fail to discover it—if he will

accept the clue which we offer—for the evidence lies openly on almost every page. Avoiding the expression of any political opinion, let us briefly allude to a train of circumstances with which the reader ought to be acquainted.

Many of our readers know that some time ago Herr Ranke was appointed historiographer to the King of Prussia; and that he has been employed with others in preparing for the press a new edition of the works of Frederick—the Solomon of the North, as Voltaire in his mocking moods used to tell him he was. This connexion with the court induced the Professor to undertake a separate work on the subject of his labours: and he has done it in so partial and one-sided a way that there is no possibility of mistaking the intention. Throughout southern and central Germany the book is looked upon as a state-paper drawn up with great skill:—and an impartial reader can hardly accept it in any other sense. Considered as a piece of history, we shall have to take many exceptions to its tone and scope, and apply numerous qualifications to its special facts and arguments; but read as an exculpatory state-paper (in fact, a Prussian blue-book) it is quite consistent. This should be clearly understood. The work is a defence of the historic policy of the House of Brandenburg. It is Frederick-William's version of the rise, territorial growth and fixation of the Prussian monarchy as one of the great powers of Europe. Few are ignorant of the relation of the Court of Berlin to that of Vienna—and of both to Germany: of their rivalry and struggles for pre-eminence—especially since the dissolution of the old Imperial constitution and the formation of a separate Kaiserthum—Magyar, Slavic, German, and Italian—in Austria Proper. Few are unaware that the Hohenzollerns have always been objects of distrust and dislike to the minor kings and princes of Germany. To undermine this distrust—and to win over public opinion, at the same time as disarm the rulers of their jealousy—became therefore a paramount duty with the royal court. The game was a great one—the stake being no less than the Holy Roman Empire. We pronounce no opinion upon the method employed by the two powers; but before the "year of revolutions" came in to confuse all nice calculations no statesman in Western Europe was blind to the fact that the Hapsburghs were distanced in the race. Whatever the virtues or faults of the dynasty, Prussia led the way of German liberalism. The biddings for influence were of things noble and useful—provincial assemblies (according to the old constitution of the estates)—an efficacious system of national education—the Zollverein—and lastly, the constitution of 1847. The latter two were master-strokes of polity. By the establishment of the Zollverein, or customs-league, the court of Berlin acquired a powerful interest in southern Germany among the Catholic princes who had held most aloof from it. It so arranged the duties that the minor princes had most interest in the maintenance of the corporation. For itself, it lost money; but in return it obtained a means of influencing the councils of all the contracting powers. The promulgation of the constitution of 1847 taught all Germany to look to Potsdam for "its liberation" rather than to Schönbrunn.

Still, there were many old jealousies to soften—many suspicions to remove. The German liberals had always looked upon Prussia as a mere military despotism—as in Germany, but not of Germany,—and consequently with them its promises had no weight. How necessary then was it—because only by means of these

suspicious liberals could the end be attained, the empire won—that Prussian history should be restudied, and from a different point of view! In this want of a new historical work, if we mistake not, was the germ of Prof. Ranke's Nine Books of Prussian History:—and it exactly meets that want.

Besides an exposition of the mere facts to which attention is directed by the writer, a double purpose runs through his pages. In the first place, he wishes to establish that Prussia is a thoroughly German state—that its traditions and tendencies are all entirely Germanic: and in the second, that the ancient policy of the House of Brandenburg was on the whole that best adapted to the development of liberty and prosperity in the Teutonic nations. These propositions may or may not be true: it is not our province to argue them—only to indicate them. Prof. Ranke does not, however, enunciate them in the logical form in which they are here stated; he is too wise an advocate for that. He never once puts either proposition into terms. But the intention pervades the book. The first—the historic fidelity of Prussia to German ideas and German interests—is suggested and insinuated in every chapter. The cabinet at Potsdam is always right—and that of Vienna, when it comes into collision with this, as was the case in the Seven Years War, as invariably in the wrong. Such is our author's way of putting the case. When a quarrel arises between them, Prussia is represented as clinging with great tenacity to the cause of the common Vaderland: and when it is found entering into alliances with Sweden, France, England, Russia, or other *pro tempore* enemies of the Empire, which as a vassal it is bound to support, a reason for such a state of things is made out without recourse being had to the idea of dynastic ambition or other personal and special motives. We have marked some scores of passages of this kind—but can only notice one or two. The reader will find the rest for himself. Germany lost Lorraine and Bar for ever "because Austria would not hear of a free alliance with Prussia." (v. i. p. 381.) The king "had specially tried to avert" this calamity. (i. 398.) The English of this is, that the king stood out for his own terms, and thus allowed the territory to fall into French hands. Later on this lamentation,—"How different would have been the achievements of the Germans in Italy, on the Rhine, and in Poland, had the two powers acted in concert! The Imperial house ought never to have given the preference to other allies: an error which it has dearly expiated." (i. 428.) "The Court of Vienna paid so much attention to the Catholic world in general as often to lose sight of the German view of affairs." (ii. 256.) Prussia, of course, did nothing but look to the interests of Germany. This, at least, is the inference raised. "Without Prussia," it is said in another place, "the situation of Germany would have been very miserable a truly German interest would nowhere have existed." (iii. 2.) Such sentences are very numerous. At times the intractability of his materials causes the author to be rather paradoxical. For instance, where he is describing Frederick-Wilhelm's passion for regimental giants, he says they "were collected from all parts of Europe—Sweden, Iceland, the Ukraine, Lower Hungary, the frontier territory of Austria and Turkey":—and a few paragraphs further on he adds,—"The army thus acquired a universal German ingredient." (i. 423.) Universal certainly—but hardly German universality. In his quality of advocate, again—not in his own, we feel assured—finding it necessary to uphold his client in all things, the Professor says: "The life of an enterprising prince is subject to another and still more serious

drawback; it not unfrequently happens that his *political duties* are at variance with his *moral sense*." (ii. 327.) We are certain that Prof. Ranke, as such, will not tell us that anything *can* be a duty which is contrary to the moral sense.

In pointing out the earlier of the foregoing remarks for attention, we are not challenging their truth. On that point we express no opinion. They exhibit the *animus* of, and furnish a key to, the book: a key absolutely necessary for the English reader to be possessed of if he would read the work with profit.

The great value of Herr Ranke's monograph arises—despite its special purpose, as we have hinted,—from the fact of his having enjoyed ready access to secret papers and documents never before referred to for historic ends. The reader will notice that the Professor does not speak of the records of *Vienna*—where one would have expected the most important papers to be deposited: the electors and kings of Prussia had much more to do with the ministers of the Empire than with those of Paris, Dresden, and London combined. The remarks ventured above may suggest a reason for this strange silence. Much curious matter is inwoven in this narrative; but that which is novel is chiefly connected with the course of diplomacy, and is therefore hardly extractable. But the whole detail is of great value to the historical reader. Here, is a curious picture of two important personages—including interesting notices for a chapter on manners.

"One evening in June the king was sitting at a window of his palace, looking at the people walking up and down by the water-side, when he saw among them his old acquaintance Count Seckendorf, a general in the service of the emperor. The king beckoned to Seckendorf to come in, and desired him to sit beside him. Count Seckendorf, though a north German and Protestant, and, moreover, the nephew of the Seckendorf who has obtained so great a reputation as the historian of Lutheranism, had nevertheless risen to the highest posts in the imperial army, and had obtained considerable influence in public affairs. Seckendorf seemed to the Protestant princes well fitted to be their representative at a court, the favourable or unfavourable dispositions of which were still of such immense importance to them; while, on the other hand, Seckendorf gained fresh influence and consideration from the confidence which the Protestant princes reposed in him. He had become acquainted with Frederick William I. many years before, during the campaigns in the Netherlands, and had since kept up a correspondence with that monarch. He once said that from his earliest youth he had pledged his faith and devotion to the king; on another occasion he declared that a letter from Frederick William, received after a long interval of silence, had given him, as it were, new life. When he was absent from the king he neglected no means of retaining his favour: he sent him delicacies for his table—Italian truffles, 'right goodly fieldfares from Dresden'; and, above all, procured for the monarch the agreeable spectacle of tall soldiers, selected chiefly from the Heyducks. Then, again, when he was in the king's company he was the very man of all others to please him. As he had served in many campaigns, and had frequently been employed in diplomatic missions—for example, at the conclusion of the treaty of Utrecht—Seckendorf possessed the most varied knowledge of the world: his conversation was agreeable and instructive. In some of his qualities he resembled the king; he was, like him, exceedingly thrifty, irreproachable in his conduct with respect to women, outwardly very religious, and equally indefatigable, whether at work, in travelling, or in the chase. Frederick William liked no one better than Seckendorf to keep him company during his long noonday meal, or in the evening over his beer and tobacco. This was the more important, as, with all his apparent open-heartedness and ease of manner, Seckendorf was anxious above all to deserve that praise which Prince Eugene had bestowed on him, of being a skilful negotiator. It may be doubted whether such a position as his, in which a man

is forced to serve two opposite parties, does not entail the necessity of too great a degree of versatility to be consistent with real uprightness of character. In the numerous letters by him which are still extant, Seckendorf appears not exactly as a contriver of stratagems and deceits, but as suspecting them on every occasion, and endeavouring not only to elude but even to turn them to his own account. He always, if possible, approached the point he wished to gain under cover of some other purpose, with keen circumspection, ever patient and adroit. ** It was not chance that directed Seckendorf to the banks of the Spree at this moment. The court of Vienna was fully sensible of the inconvenience, and even danger, that would arise out of a breach with Prussia. Frederick William was far too plain and straightforward to lay a plan for obtaining any advantage by assuming an appearance of hostility. Angered and annoyed at being, as he conceived, ill-used, he had quite naturally taken up a threatening attitude; this, however, instantly had the effect of drawing upon him the increased attention of the cabinet of Vienna. If Austria had ever intended by joining Spain to construct a great Catholic league, it soon became manifest that the execution of such a scheme was impossible. The King of Poland, among others, threw many more difficulties in the way than had been expected. On both accounts the court of Vienna determined to make advances to the King of Prussia. As early as the month of January, 1726, it had made friendly overtures to the king, and complimented him upon the good and patriotic sentiments which he had displayed in the affair of Ostend; and now Seckendorf, who happened to be staying at his estate of Meuselwitz, was commissioned by Prince Eugene to go to Berlin, and to give the king to understand that it only depended upon himself to be on good and friendly terms with the emperor. General Seckendorf was so fortunate as to find the monarch to whom he was sent ready to display the very inclination which he had been charged to awaken in his mind. The king, whose heart was always upon his lips, asked, as soon as the first greeting was over, whether Seckendorf did not believe him to be a good friend to Hanover. When the minister answered in the affirmative, the king proceeded to say—' My lord general, on the word of an officer, I am far more of an imperialist than of an Hanoverian.' He continued in the same strain, using the most explicit terms, and made no objection when Seckendorf proposed to inform Prince Eugene of what had passed. The king finally declared that, if the emperor would support him in his just claims, and would treat him with respect due to his station, especially in refraining from the publication of unseemly chancery decrees, he would openly go over to the side of the emperor. These few words contained the germ of a great, and we might almost say, a fortunate event."

The early education of Frederick the Great is elaborately described by Herr Ranke. Here is a fraction of the programme.—

"The Prince must rise early and quickly, and immediately pronounce a short prayer kneeling; as soon as he had dressed himself rapidly, and swallowed a slight breakfast of tea, a longer prayer was to be uttered in the presence of all the servants, likewise kneeling, a chapter of the Bible read, and a psalm sung with a loud voice; the fencing lessons were to alternate with religious instruction; the Prince is to accompany the King to parade every morning except Sundays, when he is to march at the head of his company to church. The strange sort of instruction given him in general history was dictated by the same spirit. He was made to read the 'Theatrum Europeum,' the first volume of which contains the history of religious wars. It is obvious that Frederick William did not aim at a liberal cultivation of natural endowments, nor at the acquirement of general knowledge; education and instruction had with him a special and predetermined aim; he wished to make his son a man like himself, and it appeared probable that his method would succeed. In February, 1719, General Finkenstein reports that the Prince pursues his studies with industry. When the weather is fair he goes to the stables, mounts his horse, visits the cadets, and shoots at a mark. A company was formed for him out of these cadets. There are letters extant written by the Prince at this early age;

in which, with the handwriting of a child, but in the expressions of an old captain, he gives an account of the state of his company, of which he regularly sent in a list; or he relates how far he has got in the 'Theatrum Europeum'; it shows the sentiments this book had excited in his mind, that he sent his father a satire, which had appeared in his absence, against the Pope and the Pretender. In another letter he informs his father that the Queen can tell him of two or three handsome recruits, only we must not know that he has mentioned them; or he expresses his regret that he could not be present at a certain muster to see the King's fine troops. In a short time some of these men were sent to him for his company, and accepted by him with gratitude. His whole life was absorbed in military employments; a small armoury was fitted up for him in the palace, and furnished with every sort of weapon. 'My cradle,' says he somewhere, 'was surrounded with arms, and I was reared in the midst of the army.' He was already fond of the chase; he is full of delight at a pack of hounds with which he hunts hares. In October, 1720, he relates how he shot a partridge flying. At this moment it appeared as if everything would wear the same form as under the rule of his father."

But even at this early period there were counter influences at work leading him on towards dilettantism, Voltaire, and the literary vagaries of Rheinsburg and Sans Souci.—

"The man who had the greatest influence over the peculiar development of the growing boy was his daily teacher, Duhan de Jandun. He too was a Frenchman. He had first attracted the notice of Frederick William in the trenches at Stralsund as a brave volunteer, and he deemed him peculiarly fitted to instruct the Prince according to his military views. Duhan, however, had more natural taste for study than for arms, and this produced a strong effect upon his pupil. Frederick himself once, in an overflow of feeling, described the relation subsisting between himself and his tutor. He expresses the most lively gratitude to him for having broken through the circle of ideas and objects in which he was imprisoned, and roused him out of the ignorance in which, as he says, his awkward and timid innocence lay dormant. Duhan raised his conceptions to a different kind of merit from that which had ever come before him in his intercourse with Prince Leopold and his father: he spoke to him of the glory of a sovereign, not derived merely from the sword, but like that attained by Titus and the Antonines; had raised his views from the boisterous activity and brute strength of the heroes of the 'Theatrum Europeum,' and the confused struggles of politico-religious wars, to the wisdom which it is possible to display in more tranquil times—to the poets and the thinkers of antiquity. ** Duhan was wholly incapable of giving his pupil any methodical instruction. He understood little more than his mother-tongue, and, instead of studying the history of Brandenburg, he set the Prince to make French verses."

Between the iron discipline imposed upon him by his father and the seductions of French literature the youth was in a fair way of being spoilt. At this time a matrimonial alliance was much talked of between the houses of Brunswick and Brandenburg. Their own interests and those of the Protestant world were supposed to require an intimate connexion between the royal lines,—and it was thought that such a union might best be brought about by a double marriage. This is a point touching our own history—one of considerable interest—about which a mystery has always hung. Fredericka Wilhelmina of Prussia was to have married the son of the Prince of Wales and Fredericka an English princess. The matches were broken off and the two courts were estranged for years. It is impossible for us to follow our new guide through the mazes of diplomacy in which this affair is involved: but here is a paragraph which contains the pith thereof.—

"Whatever be their exaggerations and errors, the Memoirs of the Princess Fredericka Wilhelmina must always be considered one of the most remarkable records of the state of the Prussian court of that period.

From the Queen made to the tyrant, sent to the Prince too was infected promoted to the would princess what meant to keep the dwarf King his side; a revolution resident in and who ward sent responded him of all the marriage might be worse, he was to spathes conceived destroyed kow's part third part facts and King was to a province might fea spathes to King, w own fam object upon the inter and his signs of purpose existing. Of this suspicion reported. The from known details early Prince abscon prison a vain sent re responsa. The prie sent he that j beheav Clistri Novem what t

From these it is evident that neither she herself nor the Queen had the least idea of the grounds which made the King reluctant to give an immediate consent to the proposal. They saw in him a domestic tyrant, severe only towards his family, and weak to indifferent persons. The hearts on both sides became filled with bitterness and aversion. The Crown-Prince too, who was still at an age when a young man is obnoxious to the influence of a clever elder sister, was infected with these sentiments. With a view to promote her marriage, he suffered himself to be induced to draw up in secret, a formal declaration that he would give his hand to no other than an English princess. On the other hand, it is inconceivable to what measures the other party had recourse in order to keep the King steady to his resolution. Seckendorf had entirely won over General Grumbkow, the King's daily and confidential companion, to his side; both of them kept up a correspondence of a revolting nature with Reichenbach, the Prussian resident in London. This Reichenbach, who boasts somewhere of his indifference to outward honours, and who was at all events clearly deficient in an inward sense of honour, not only kept up a direct correspondence with Seckendorf, in which he informed him of all that was passing in England in relation to the marriage, and assured the Austrian agent that he might reckon on him as on himself, but, what is far worse, he allowed Grumbkow to dictate to him what he was to write to the King, and composed his despatches according to his directions. It is hardly conceivable that these letters should not have been destroyed; they were however found among Grumbkow's papers at his death. Reichenbach, who played a subordinate part, but who regarded himself as the third party to this conspiracy, furnished, on his side, facts and arguments which were to be urged orally to the King in support of his statements. Their system was, to represent to the King that the only purpose of England was to reduce Prussia to the condition of a province, and to form a party around him that might fetter and control all his actions,—representatives to which Frederick William was already disposed to lend an ear. He wished to avoid having an English daughter-in-law, because he feared he should be no longer master in his own house; perhaps she would think herself of more importance than him; he should die inch by inch of vexation. On comparing these intrigues, carried on on either side of the King, we must admit that the former—those in his own family—were more excusable, since their sole object was the accomplishment of these marriages; upon the mere suspicion of which the King broke out into acts of violence which terrified his family and his kingdom, and astounded Europe. The designs of the other party were far more serious; their purpose was to bind Prussia in every point to the existing system, and to keep her aloof from England. Of this the King had no idea; he received without suspicion whatever Reichenbach wrote, or Grumbkow reported to him.

The story of Frederick's attempt to escape from Prussia into a foreign country is well known—but now for the first time in all its details. It is an episode full of romantic interest: but, like everything else in the hero's early life, was exceedingly ill managed. The Prince and his friend Katte, who was about to accompany him, were arrested and cast into prison. Katte was tried by court-martial and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The old king was determined to have his life; and after a vain attempt to get the court to change the sentence he himself altered it on his own responsibility. The misguided youth suffered the penalty of his devotion to his friend. The Prince, who alone was guilty, pleaded for his life with great earnestness.—

The King, however, remained inflexible; he sent him word that it were better he should die than that justice and judgment should cease upon the earth. He had resolved that Katte should be beheaded before the Prince's eyes in the fortress of Custrin. This sentence was executed on the 6th of November. Early in the morning Frederick learned what a sight he was doomed to see. He demanded that the execution might be delayed, and an estaf-

fette despatched to the King, to say that he, the Prince, was ready to submit to renunciation of the crown, to death,—or what was worse than either—to perpetual imprisonment, if only his friend were spared. But who would have dared to suspend the execution, imperatively commanded and now in actual preparation? At seven o'clock the command was given for the whole garrison to be drawn out on the walls, where they formed a circle round the place of execution; soon after a company of the gens-d'armes of the guard, to which Katte belonged, brought up the criminal. From the time that Katte found that there was no hope of pardon, he had turned his mind wholly to the consolations of religion; the preacher had brought him to believe that he had been conducted by this terrible road to the salvation of his soul: he now appeared collected and courageous. It is perfectly true that the place of execution was immediately under the windows of the Prince, near the guard-house, above the Milgate. Katte already stood in the midst of the circle, and they were about to read his sentence, when the Prince, who was forced to appear at the window, called out to him, to beg his forgiveness. Katte answered that he knew of nothing that he had to forgive, untied his neckcloth himself, and turned his face towards the Prince: thus he chose to die with his eyes fixed upon him. At this sight Frederick fainted; when he came to himself all was over; the head and the trunk of the victim placed together lay on the ground. He would not quit the window till, in the afternoon, two or three of the town's-people came to lay the body in the coffin and take it away: even then he did not turn his eyes from the fatal spot until evening. In the night he was heard talking to himself: the next morning he said that the King had tried in vain to take Katte from him, he was incessantly before his eyes. When the same clergyman who had prepared his friend for death came to visit him, and began to talk to him on religious subjects, the thought suggested itself to him that he was doomed to follow his friend in a few days."

He, however, was spared for greater things. The early years of his reign are described by Herr Ranke with ample details:—how he made wars and verses, his correspondence with princes and poets, his successes and his failures as a king and as an author. The society of Sans Souci is delineated,—but with less exactitude, we think, than diplomatic matters are. Above all, Herr Ranke dislikes Voltaire, and does him frequent injustice. It is very true that the Wit praised the King extravagantly; but Frederick repaid him with yet more fulsome adulation. "There can be but one God and one Voltaire in nature," says Frederick (August 6th, 1738). The king ranks him not only above all poets, ancient and modern, but above all philosophers likewise. In the flightiest of his merry or mocking moods Voltaire does not deal in such extravagance as this. Herr Ranke sometimes misdescribes Voltaire in his zeal for his king. We need give only one example;—characteristic of the historian's purpose. Frederick, when pursuing his studies at Rheinsburg, writes to Voltaire about the French conquest of Lorraine, expressing his belief that it is the result of a deep and long-pursued scheme of policy. His correspondent thinks not. "As usual," says the German historian, "Voltaire enumerated a long list of old anecdotes to prove how slight accidents determine great events,—such as Queen Anne's glass of water, and the like. He was too good a Frenchman to admit that Lorraine had always belonged to the German empire. The Prince was obliged to explain this to him more fully." Here we have the naughty Frenchman and the patriotic German prince of the nursery. Turning to the correspondence, however, we find that Voltaire does not tell "a long list of old anecdotes." He tells only one—that of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess of Marlborough, and it could hardly then be called an old anecdote. He does not deny that Lorraine belonged to the German empire, he merely asks

if it is so:—and we do not find that the prince "explains" this more fully either then or afterwards.

We have only a word to add. The translation, so far as we have compared it, seems correctly rendered. The German notes are translated:—but why not the others? Italian, Spanish, Latin, and French need translation for a large body of English readers as well as German. Should another edition be called for, we hope this suggestion may be attended to.

King Arthur. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Author of 'The New Timon.' Colburn.

THOUGH few will wonder perhaps on reading this title-page, it will make some persons smile and others grave,—coming, as it does, so shortly after the formal disclaimers which, by authority, assured the world that 'The New Timon' was *not*, as surmised, from the pen of "the distinguished literary Baronet," &c. Sooth to say, the contradiction could not convince any readers who, familiar with the privileges assumed by anonymous writers, are also acquainted with the style of the author of 'The Lady of Lyons.' There are cases in which internal evidence, resulting from experience and the habitual practice of comparison, is not to be defeated by any assertion whatsoever. This was one of the number. Let moralists decide how far such denial and confession are fair experiments upon public good faith.—That is a question on which we need not enter.

We must dwell for another moment on our author's Preface.—In this he is, as usual, painfully earnest.—

"It has not been," says he, "hastily conceived or lightly undertaken. From my earliest youth the subject I have selected has haunted my ambition—for twenty years it has rested steadily on my mind, in spite of other undertakings, for the most part not wholly ungenial,—since a lengthened and somewhat various practice in the conception and conduct of imaginative story, ought to be no disadvantageous preparation for a poem which seeks to construct from the elements of national romance something approaching to the completeness of epic narrative. If my powers be unequal to the task I have assumed, at least I have waited in patience until they were matured and disciplined to such strength as they might be enabled to attain;—until taste, if erroneous, could be corrected, invention, if sterile, be enriched, by some prolonged apprenticeship to the principles of art, by the contemplation of its masterpieces in many languages, and by such familiarity with the resources of my native tongue as study and practice could permit me to obtain. But every one knows the proverb, that 'the poet is born, the orator made';—and though, perhaps, it is only partially true that the 'poet is born,' and a slight examination of the higher order of poets will suffice to show us that they themselves deserved very little on the innate faculty, and were not less diligent in self-cultivation than the most laborious orator,—yet it would be in vain to deny that where the faculty itself is wanting no labour can supply the defect: and if certain critics are right in asserting that that defect is my misfortune, I must content myself with the sombre reflection that I have done my best to counteract the original unkindness of nature. I have given to this work a preparation that, evincing my own respect to the public, entitles me in return to the respect of a just hearing and a fair examination: if the work be worthless, it is at least the worthiest it is in my power to perform,—and on this foundation, however hollow, I know that I rest the least perishable monument of those thoughts and those labours which have made the life of my life."

Had "King Arthur," as a subject, been presented to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton twice twenty years, could the discipline ministered to his powers, the correction to his taste, the enrichment to his invention be proved greater in amount than they must necessarily be in the case of one sedulously and variously occupied in literature,

—the prefatory statement of these preparations would not avail against the specimens of handicraft which the work itself exhibits. "Patience" and "maturity" should have precluded the possibility of stanzas like the following being printed. They are from the Invocation to the North, opening Book the Ninth.—

Thee, sure the Icathan²—thee, sure, dread lord,
When in the dusky, wan, Cimmerian waste
By the last bounds of Ocean, he explored
Ghast Erebus, beheld:—and here embraced
In vain the Phantom Mother! lo, the gloom
Pierced by no sun,—the shades of the tomb!—
Magnificent Horror!—How like royal Death
Broughs thy great hush above the seeds of Life!
Under the snows cleaves thine icy breath,
And with the birth of fairy forests rise,
Blushes the world of white; the green that glads
The wave, is but the march of my-riads.

Twenty years of meditation should have yielded a nicer management of language than the first of these stanzas exhibits,—and rendered impossible such a line as closes the second verse quoted. Examples could be counted by the hundred exhibiting carelessness in craftsmanship. This carelessness, too, takes the forms of strange licence. Adjectives are made into verbs; Teutonicisms, Scotticisms, Gallicisms strewn freely about. We cannot allow this epic to decide its author's claim to enrolment among the Poets of England. Remembering with pleasure other essays from his hand, we will believe it to be the best romance in rhyme which he is capable of producing.

The completion of this poem is inferior to its commencement. The tale is a narrative of adventure—designed, it seems to us, for the purpose of exhibiting a couple of contrasted characters in as many various positions as possible. Thus *Sir Gawaine* is conducted through faery land and saddled with a malicious raven. *King Arthur* is compelled to visit the haunts of Leviathan, mose, bear, seal, kraken, walrus and "narval"—King Crida storms Carduel—Sir Lan-ce-lot (whose name in the form of a trisyllable is perpetually used to terminate a line) does prodigies of valour—and Genevieve, the Christian maid, is bound to the sacrificial altar—but all in vain. There are few well-constructed works of any extent, be the style what it may and the subject ever so remote and antipathetic, into which a fairly cultivated and conscientious reader cannot read himself by force of endeavour; but this romance has resisted our perseverance. Disappointed by the manner in which the story is treated—we would fain find compensation in insulated passages of wit, fancy, pathos, or terror. But here, too, King Arthur has failed us. In our former notice, we credited Sir E. Lytton with satirical power. Let us offer fair specimens of such satire as the new divisions of the poem exhibit. The humour principally plays round *Sir Gawaine*. Being vexed, as we have mentioned, by the presence of an impudent familiar, the knight consults a holy bishop, one Henricus, how he may best get rid of his mischievous companion: inquiring whether the simplest of ecclesiastical ceremonies may not suffice by way of exorcism. The Prelate speaks—

"Tis clear the monster is the foe of man,
His beak how pointed! and his eyes how red!
Demons are spirits:—spirits, on reflexion,
And forms phantasmal, that defy dissection."
"Truly," said' *Gawaine*, "but the holy water!"
"No," cried the Prelate, "ineffective here.
Try, but not now, a simple noster-pater;
Or chaunt a hymn. I dare not interfere;
Act for yourself—and say your catechism;
Were I to meddle, it would cause a schism."
"A schism?"—¹ The church, though always in the right,
Holds two opinions, both extremely able;
This makes the rubric rest on gowns of white,
That makes the church itself depend on sable;
Were I to exorcise that raven-back
T'would favour white, and raise the deuce in black.

"Depart my son—at once, depart, I pray,
Pay up your dues, and keep your mind at ease,
And call that creature—no, the other way—
When fairly out, a credo, if you please!—
Go,—pax vobiscum,—shut the door I beg,
And stay:—On Friday, flogging,—with an egg!"

Out went the knight, more puzzled than before;
Ad out, unspeakable, flew the Stygian bird;
The bishop ran, and doubly locked the door;
His men he mended, and his fire he stirred;
Then solved that problem!—² Pons Diaconorum,
White equals black, plus *x* both *coram*.

Surely this morsel of mirth is very dreary!—
But the reader shall have another peep or two at *Sir Gawaine* and his "good things."—Here are the knight and his dog, in the hands of a savage Dane who intends to sacrifice both to Freya.—

The Knight of golden tongue
Confronts his foe with arguments just and sage;
but the sea-captain has his reasons, too,—
"No pleasure like a Christian roasting slowly,
To Odin's greatest number can be given;
The will of freemen to the Gods is holy;
The People's voice must be the voice of Heaven.
On selfish principles you chafe at capture,
But what are private pangs to public rapture?
You doubt that giving you as food for Freya
Will have much marked effect upon the seas;
Let's grant you right:—all pleasure's in idea;
If thousands think it, you the thousands please.
Your private interest must not be the guide,
When interests clash majorities decide."

The legend goes on to tell, that so soon as he of the golden tongue stepped on shore—

Six Priests and one tall Priestess clothed in white,
Advance and meet them at the porch divine;
With seven loud shrieks they pourne upon the Knight,—
Whisked by the Priests behind the inmost shrine,
While the tall Priestess calls the congregation
To come at dawn to witness the oblation.

The victim is bound to a column.—

"Tis night: behold the dog and man alone!
The man hath said his thirtieth *noster-pater*,
The dog has supped, and having picked his bone,
(The meat was salted) feels a wish for water;
Puts out in vain a reconnointing paw,
Feels the cord, smells it, and begins to gnaw.

Abash'd Philosophy, that dog survey!
Thou call'st on freemen—bah! expand thy scope!
"Aide-toi-toi-même, Dieu l'aidera!"
Doth thraldom bine thus?—gnaw thyself the rope.—
Whatever Laws, and Kings, and States may be;
Wise men in earnest can be always free.

By a dim lamp upon the altar stone
Sir *Gawaine* marked the inventive work canine;
"Cords bind us both—the dog has gnawed his own;
O dog skoinophagous—a tooth for mine!—
And both may 'scape that too-refining Goddess
Who roasts to types what Nature meant for bodies."

Sir *Gawaine* calls the emancipated hound,

And strives to show his own illegal ties;

Explaining how free dogs, themselves unbound,

With all who would be free should fraternize.—

The dog looked puzzled, licked the fettered hand,

Pricked up his ears—but would not understand.

The dog gets loose; and on a priest making his appearance the latter is mastered, much as the Marquis of Argyle was treated in the dungeon scene of the "Legend of Montrose." We must crave the reader's attention for three stanzas more.—

Extremely pleased, the oratic Knight
Regained the vantage he had lost so long.
For sore, till then, had been his just despite
That Northern wit should foil his golden tongue.
Now, in debate how proud was his condition,
The opponent posed and by his own position!

Therefore, with more than his habitual breeding,
Resumed magnificently the bland *Gawaine*,
While much the Priest, agape, the dog's proceeding
With stinging gams protested, but in vain—

"Friend!—softly, dog; so—ho! Thou must confess

Our selfish interests bid us coalesce.—

"Unknit these cords; and, once unloosed the knot,
I pledge my troth to call the hound away,
If thou accede—a show of hands! if not
That dog at least I fear must have his day."

High in the air both hands at once appear!

"Carried, nem. con.—Dog, fetch him,—gently, here!"

If this deserve the name of wit or humour our Swifts, Drydens, Popes—our Byrons and Moores and Hoods are dull and uninventive. If the reader should desire further proof, or disproof, of the judgment we have expressed, we refer him to *Sir Gawaine's* interview with the fairies, (Book VI. stanzas CII. to CXXII.)—not forgetting a lyrical double chorus of pinching and preaching fairies, which almost emulates the rhymed fantasies in Mr. G. P. R. James's

'Camaralzaman'—and to *Sir Gawaine's* account of his shipwreck (Book IX., stanzas CIV. to CV.)—We will take from this last a pair of insulated stanzas for the sake of a pair of neologisms which they contain.—

"Nimbly I rose, disporisping my friend;—
Around me scattered lay more piteous wrecks,
With every wave the accursed Tritons send
Some sad memento of submergent decks,
Prows, rudders, casks, ropes, blubber, hides, and hooks,
Sailors, salt beef, tubs, cabin boys, and cooks.

* * * * *

"The blood mounts up, suffuses sight and brain;
The Hercules vein *herculeanates* the form;
The rill when swollen upswells a plain;
The breeze runs mad before it blows a storm,
To do great deeds, first lose your wits—then do them!
In fine—I burst upon the bear, and slew them!

We will extract only three more passages. The first two are from a sort of prophetic vision exhibited to *King Arthur*.—

Lo the fair stream amidst that pleasant vale,
Wherein your youth held careless holiday;
The stream is blithe with many a silken sail,
And in the centre of the rosy ring,
Prop'd on his arm, reclines himself the King.
All, all the same as when his golden prime
Lay in the lap of Life's soft Acrea;
When the light love held no foe but Time,
When but from Pleasure heaved the propit sigh,
Mid bloom and sweets to wear the hours away.
"Behold," the Genius said, "is that thy choice
As once it was?"—Nay, I have we seen since then,
Answered the mortal with a mournful voice,
"When the dews fall, the stars arise for men?"
So turn'd he to the second arch to see
The imperial peace of tranquil majesty;—

The kingly throne, himself the dazzling king;
Bright arms, and jewelled vests, and purple stoles;
While silver winds, from many a music-string,
Rippled the wave of glittering banderolls;—
From mitered priests and ermine barons, clear
Came the loud praise which monarchs love to hear!

"Doth this content thee?"—Ay, the Prince replied,
And towered erect, with empire on his brow;

"Ay, here at once a Monarch may decide,
Be but the substance worthy of the show;

Courts are not States—let me see men!—behind
Where stands the People?—Genius, lift the blind!"

Can the last words be meant as a poetical manner of saying "Draw up the Curtain"?

Here is Queen Elizabeth as she appeared to King Arthur,—

So laughing grim, pass'd the Destroyer on;
And, after two pale shadows, to the sound
Of lutes more musical than Helicon,
A manlike Woman march'd:—The graves around

Yawn'd, and the ghosts of Knighthood, more serene
In death,—arose, and smil'd upon the Queen.
With her, (at either hand) two starry forms

Glide—themselves more royal—and the glow
Of their own lustre, each pale phantom warms
Into the lovely life the angels know,
And as they pass, each Fairy leaves its cell, and GLORIANA calls on ARIEL!

Yet she, unconscious as the crescent queen
Of orbs whose brightness makes her image bright,
Haught and imperious, th' borrowed ashen,

Claims to herself the sovereignty of light;
And is herself so stately to survey,
That orbs which lend, but seem to steal the ray,

Elf-land divine, and Chivalry sublimes;
Seem them to hold the last high jubilee—
One gloomy Sabbath of encloset Time,

Ere the dull spell seals the sweet glamour.
And all those wonder-shapes in subject ring,
Kneel where the Bard still sits beside the King.

Our concluding extract shall contain Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's latest news of "King Ludwick the Great,"—whose character in the first part of "King Arthur" made its brightest passage. Here is the King uncrowned—losed by a picture of Paris in 1848.—

Give but a cause, a child may be a chief!
What cause to hosts can Ludwick supply?
Swift flies the Element of Power, *Belief*,

From all foundations hollowed to a lie.
One morn, a riot in the streets arose,
And left the Vandal crownless at the close.

A plump of spears the riot could have crush'd!
"Defend the throne, my spearmen!" cried the king.
The spearmen armed, and forth the spearmen rush'd,

When woe! they took to reason on the thing!
And then conviction smote them on the spot,
That for that conviction they did not care a jot.

With scuff and scum, with urchins loosed from school,
Thieves, gleemen, jugglers, beggars, swelled the riot;
While, like the gods of Epicurus, cool

On crowd, and crown—
The spearmen looked in quiet;
Till all its heads that Hydra call'd "The Many,"
Stretch'd hissing forth, without a stroke at any.

At first Astutio, wrong but very wise,
Did gain'd the Hydry as a fabled creature,
The vague invention of a Poet's lies,
Unknown to Pliny and the laws of Nature—

Nor till the fact was past philosophizing,
Sooth be, "That's Hydry, there is no disguising!"

"A Hydry, Sire, a Hercules demands,"

"So if not Hercules, assume his vizard."

The advice is good—the Vandal wrings his hands,
Kicks out the Sage—and rushes to a wizard.
The wizard waves his wand—disarms the sentry,
And (wondrous man!) enchanting the mob—with entry.

Thus fell, tho' no man touch'd him, Ludovic,
Tipp'd by the slide of his own slippery feet.
The crown eajol'd from Fortune by a trick,
Fortune, in turn, outcheated from the cheat,

Capo' her sly cap" the glittering bauble on,
Cried "Presto!"—raised it—and the gaud was gone.

Ev'n at the last, to self and nature true,

No royal heart the breath of danger woke;

To men disguise habitual instinct flew;

And the king vanished in a craftsman's cloak.

While his brave princes scampering for their lives,

Relicta *paramus*—forgot their wives!

King Mob succeeding to the vacant throne,

Close for his ministers some wise Chaldeans,—

Who told the sun to close the day at noon,

Nor sweat to death his betters the plebeians;

And bade the earth, unversed by plough and spade,

Bring forth its when in quarters ready made.

The sun refused the astronomic feat;

The earth declined to bake the corn it grew;

King Mob then ordered that a second riot

Should teach Creation what it had to do.

"The sun shines on, the earth demands the tillage,

Down Time and Nature, and hurrah for pillage!"

Then rise *en masse* the burghers of the town;

Each patriot breath the fires of Brutus fill;

Genie as lambs when riot reach'd the crown,

They raged like lions when it touch'd the till.

Rush'd all who boasted of a shop to rob,

And stout King Money soon dethron'd King Mob.

This done, much scandalized to note the fact,

That o'er the short tyrannic rise the tall,

The middle-sized a penal law enact.

* That henceforth height must be the same in all;

For being each born equal with the other,

What greater crime than to outgrow your brother.

The last ten verses are among the best and smoothest which this epic yields: and we gladly close our notice by transcribing them. It would have given us true pleasure to welcome a good poem from Sir E. B. Lytton's hands. But this 'King Arthur' is not:—yet its importance of scale and the manner in which the author presents it have precluded the work from being lightly passed over.

Household Education. By Harriet Martineau. Moxon.

A portion of the essays which compose this work have been already published in the earlier numbers of *The People's Journal*. But the entire series is to be recommended rather than criticized, since Miss Martineau honestly announces the book to be merely a contribution on a subject "so inexhaustible in itself, that I do not see," she continues "how any person whatever can undertake to lecture upon it authoritatively as if it was a matter completely known and entirely settled." Miss Martineau's chapters will in no respect disappoint the expectation of those who are familiar with her writings. Here will be found traces of her well-known aspirations after perfection and progress. These pages are animated by her excellent determination to grasp the good which exists in every circumstance and combination of human affairs,—and, separating it from the evil, to draw therefrom strength, happiness, the means of improvement and of benevolent action. In her scheme of life there are few holidays, because every day is to be made a holiday sanctified and sweetened by the presence and operation of cheerful and unselfish duty. In short, 'Household Education' has a close and a consistent relationship to the author's 'Life in a Sick-Room'; and those to whom that book spoke, will accept this as containing messages of encouragement and instruction.

But besides such sympathetic recipients, there are many excellent and conscientious

persons who are depressed rather than braced by the doctrines and methods propounded. Catholic and tolerant as is the *animus* of every line written by Miss Martineau, the indefatigable energy and enthusiasm which have made her what she is are somewhat too triumphantly taken for granted as the commonest materials possible with which every human creature can work out universal happiness. The eastern Tourist's earnest recommendation to English ladies to walk across the Desert in place of going on camel-back—based upon her own practice—is in some degree a type of the Educator's manner of procedure. The principle is excellent; but its application may be enforced with disregard of the average amount of difficulty and hindrance, until, to persons of a certain order of mind (and these no less earnest for the truth than our vigorous authoress) the lesson may appear almost despotically discouraging—not to say unfeeling. Those, however, who desire to have a fair and not controversial view of Miss Martineau's writings on abstract subjects, will do well to consider how much of the peculiarity commented upon is a case of manner,—and to what extent it ought to influence the reception of the truths and doctrines so eagerly and uncompromisingly promulgated. If somewhat of dogmatism—somewhat of an over-exaggeration of the importance of details, &c.—repels them, they are bound, in this case beyond almost any other, to illustrate their own difference of spirit by liberality of construction, and by a distinct separation of that which is accidental from that which is essential.

The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art. With a Life by the Rev. H. H. Milman. Murray.

We have long wished that some enterprising publisher would undertake a pictorial edition of the principal classics; illustrating from the relics of antiquity such matters of costume, military discipline, naval construction, &c. as cannot easily be made intelligible to youthful students by mere verbal description. This beautiful and luxurious edition of the works of Horace does not quite realize our desires: for decorative beauty rather than elucidation has been the object of the artist,—and exquisite as are the coloured borders devised by Mr. Owen Jones, they have no illustrative character and would be just as appropriate to the works of any other poet, no matter what his age or country, as to those of Horace. This objection does not apply to the woodcuts. They have for the most part been as judiciously selected as they have been tastefully executed; but their value would have been greatly increased had they been accompanied with a few words of comment.

Mr. Milman's 'Life of Horace' and critical examination of the poet's merits are, to us, the most valuable and interesting features of this volume. Though Latin poetry, like Latin philosophy, is for the most part a mere reflection of Hellenic literature, the claim to the invention of satire which Horace makes for his countrymen rests on valid grounds. In substance the Latin satire may have been partially derived from the ancient comedy; but it has a form and specialty of character sufficient to establish its originality.

Horace is more frequently quoted than all the Latin poets put together;—not indeed for his poetic merits, but for his shrewd and sharp observations on men and manners. Mr. Milman justly observes,—

"Every circumstance in the life of the Poet is an incident in the history of man. The influences which formed his moral and poetical character are

the prevalent modes of feeling and thought among the people, who had achieved the conquest of the world, and, weary of their own furious contentions, now began to slumber in the proud consciousness of universal empire. In him as in an individual example appears the change which took place in the fortunes, positions, sentiments, occupations, estimation, character, mode of living, when the Roman, from the citizen of a free and turbulent republic, became the subject of a peaceful monarchy, disguised indeed, but not, therefore, the less arbitrary: while his acquaintance and even his intimate friends, extending through almost every gradation of society, show the same influences, as they affect persons of different characters, talents, or station."

Every one of the changes in this period of transition was exemplified in the life and personal experience of the poet himself. Being the son of a freed man, he belonged to an increasing class which outnumbered the old Roman citizens of long descent,—and could not, therefore, venerate the institutions of the republic as ancestral. His father, of whom he always speaks with affectionate reverence, did not hesitate to give him the liberal education of a knight's or senator's son:—a proof, among many others, that literary merit was beginning to be regarded as more than an equivalent for noble birth in public life. From Rome Horace went to Athens—then the university of the civilized world: but his studies were interrupted by the civil war which broke out on the death of Julius Caesar. He joined the party of Brutus and Cassius; from whom he at once received the rank of military tribune and the command of a legion. The republican leaders must have been sadly at a loss for officers when such an important trust was committed to a raw lad of feeble frame and destitute of military experience. His warrior career, as he himself tells us, was brief and inglorious. He returned to Rome utterly destitute;—for his paternal property was confiscated. He found means to purchase the post of scribe in the Questor's office; and on the paltry profits of this place he continued to support life by practising the utmost frugality.

Poverty, Horace tells us, drove him to poetry,—and poetry introduced him to Varus and Virgil. He has not told us anything about the nature of the poetry which he published during this period,—and we need not trouble ourselves with the vague conjectures of his modern biographers. The verses, however, appear to have been of sufficient merit to justify his friends in bringing him to the notice of Maecenas: by whom he was at first received rather coldly,—but subsequently admitted to the closest friendship. It was when in this social position that he published the first book of his Satires;—which, as Mr. Milman justly remarks, belong to the highest order of the poetry of society. The satiric style of poetry such as it became in the hands of Horace is thus tersely and accurately described by his biographer.—

"It will bear the same definition as the best conversation—good sense and wit in equal proportions. Like good conversation, it dwells enough on one topic to allow us to bear something away; while it is so desultory as to minister perpetual variety. It starts from some subject of interest or importance, but does not adhere to it with rigid pertinacity. The satire of Horace allowed ample scope to follow out any train of thought which it might suggest, but never to prolixity. It was serious and gay, grave and light; it admitted the most solemn and important questions of philosophy, of manners, of literature, but touched them in an easy and unaffected tone; it was full of point and sharp allusions to the characters of the day; it introduced in the most graceful manner the follies, the affectations, even the vices of the times, but there was nothing stern, or savage, or malignant in its tone; we rise from the perusal with the conviction that Horace, if not the most urbane

and engaging — (not the perfect Christian gentleman)—must have been the most sensible and delightful person who could be encountered in Roman society. There is no broad buffoonery to set the table in a roar; no elaborate and exhausting wit, which turns the pleasure of listening into a fatigue; if it trespasses occasionally beyond the nicety and propriety of modern manners, it may fairly plead the coarseness of the times, and the want of efficient female control, which is the only true chaster of conversation, but which can only command respect where the females themselves deserve it."

In this conversational and conventional style of poetry Horace is without a rival:—Pope and Boileau are the only moderns who have made anything like a near approach to his peculiar excellencies. Juvenal was too rigid, and Persius too philosophic, a censor to be reckoned among those whose "amenities of literature" amused as well as corrected the circles of social or fashionable life. As a lyric poet Horace can never rank high. With few exceptions his Odes want earnestness and impulse. They are constrained and artificial; and the amatory odes exhibit so little of real passion that we suspect most of them to have been addressed to imaginary mistresses. The Epistles—and especially those of latest date—may be regarded as the most finished works of Horace. Like the Satires, they belong to the "poetry of society":—a very different thing from the poetry of imagination and creative genius, but having a not less real and substantive existence. The manners of Rome, the forms of statesmanship which found favour under Augustus, the sentiments developed by a period of political transition ending in tranquil acquiescence,—in fact, the Roman mind as it existed under Augustus, is pourtrayed in the Epistles with a fidelity which has never been equalled. The poet did not live to see the prospects of that Roman society with which his personal as well his literary existence was identified, clouded and darkened by the accession of Tiberius. He died in the same year as his patron Maecenas,—and was buried near him on the Esquiline Hill.

In discussing the poetic character of Horace Mr. Milman has largely examined the causes that led to the complete extinction of the early Roman literature, and the substitution of a Latin literature based entirely on Greek forms and models. He has indicated the true solution:—there ceased to be a Roman literature when there ceased to be a Roman people. Long before the time of Horace the genuine *Quirites* in the city had been lost in the influx of foreigners. Many of these were emancipated slaves,—like the father of Horace himself,—and felt much deeper interest in the relation between client and patron than in that between Roman and country. They were not unjustly described by Scipio Emiliani as "step-sons of Italy who had acquired freedom after being brought in chains to Rome." The free rural population around Rome had given way before the system of large farms cultivated by slaves: the hardy yeomen of the old republic were no longer to be found. Finally, the extension of the right of Roman citizenship put an end to Roman nationality.—Didactic poetry is that which exhibits least the distinctive stamp of nationality; and this is the only style in which Mr. Milman claims originality and nationality for Horace.—

"In none was this more manifest than in Horace; he was, after all, in most respects, a true Roman poet. His idiom, in the first place, was more vernacular (in all the better parts of his poetry he departed less from common language, they were 'sermoni propria'). In the lyric poems we may sometimes detect the forms of Greek expression; he has imitated the turn of language, as well as the cast of

thought and mechanism of verse. The Satires and Epistles have throughout the vigour and raciness of originality; they speak no doubt the language of the better orders of Rome, in all their strength and point. But these works are not merely Roman in their idiomatic expression, they are so throughout. The masculine and practical common sense, the natural but not undignified urbanity, the stronger if not sounder moral tone, the greater solidity, in short, of the whole style of thought and observation, compensate for the more lively imagination, the greater quickness and fluency, and more easy elegance of the Greek. Of the later Grecian comedy, for which the poetry of Horace, as we have observed, was the substitute, we have less than of almost any other part of their literature; yet if we compare the fragments which we possess, we shall perceive the difference—on one side, the grace and lightness of touch, the exquisite and unstudied harmony, the translucent perspicuity, the truth and the simplicity; on the other, the ruder but more vigorous shrewdness, the more condensed and emphatic justness of observation, the serious thought, which is always at the bottom of the playful expression. Horace is addressing men accustomed to deal with men—men formed in the vigorous school of public life; and though now reposing perhaps from those more solid and important cares, maintaining that practical energy of character by which they had forced their way to eminence. That sterner practical genius of the Roman people survived the free institutions of Rome; the Romans seemed, as it were, in their idlest moods, to descend to amusement, not to consider it, like the Greek, one of the common necessities, the ordinary occupations of life. Horace, therefore, has been, and ever will be, the familiar companion, the delight, not of the mere elegant scholar alone, or the imaginative reader, but, we had almost written, the manual of the statesman and the study of the moral philosopher. Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really understands Horace will have a more perfect and accurate knowledge of the Roman manners and Roman mind than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman antiquities."

We think that on Mr. Milman's own showing Horace should be described as an "Imperial" rather than as a "Roman" poet. Rome to him is a metropolis,—not the city on seven hills hallooed by countless traditions and associations,—not even "mine own romantic town," as Edinburgh was to Sir Walter Scott. He may with some justice be called the poet of cosmopolitan and denationalized Rome,—as he would have been called the poet of any other city where the court of Augustus might have fixed its residence.

Mr. Dennis's description of the present state of Horace's Sabine Farm (in a letter printed by Mr. Milman) is one of the most graceful accounts of an antiquarian ramble which has appeared since Eustace's 'Classical Tour.' We shall quote one passage:—premising that the site of the Farm is identified by a knoll crested with chestnuts.—

"This knoll stands at a bend of the stream, or rather at the point where several rivulets unite to form the Digenita. Behind the knoll stood the Farm. A few remains of brick wall, a scattered fragment or two of columns, not of marble or other foreign materials, but of ordinary travertine, and a small piece of mosaic pavement, mark the exact site. These are the sole traces now visible, but my host, Giuseppe Onorati, tells me that within his memory—some fifty years ago—the mosaic floors of six chambers were brought to light, but were covered again with earth, as nothing was found to tempt to further excavation. The mosaic, still shown, is black and white, in very simple geometrical figures, and, with the other remains, is quite in harmony with an abode where

Non ebri neque aureum
Méa renidet in domo lacunar;
Non tristes Hymettie
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africa.

From the Poet's description, we learn that his land was little cultivated:—

Quid, si rubicunda benigné
Corna vepres et pruna ferant? si querens et flex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum Juvat umbrâ?

You may remember, too, that he says of the neighbourhood—

Angulus iste feret piper et thus ocyus uva.

Tempora mutantur, and soils may change also—the cultivation of nineteen centuries has rendered this more fertile; for vines hang in festoons from tree to tree over the site of his abode; the cornels and alders have in great measure given way to the olive and fig; and the walnut and Spanish chestnut have taken the place of the oak and ilex. Nevertheless, the poet's description still holds good of the uncultivated spots in the neighbourhood, which are overrun with brambles and are fragrant with odoriferous herbs; and my host informs me, that within his time the ground was covered with wood—with *cerre* and *querce*, different kinds of oak, and with the scarlet-holm and Spanish chestnut; and as this is his *avitus fundus*, his testimony is not to be despised."

An alphabetical list of the persons mentioned in Horace, with brief biographical notices, completes the critical apparatus belonging to this edition. We could wish that the biographer of Horace had also been his commentator. There is abundant evidence in the Life of extensive critical sagacity which might be beneficially applied to the elucidation of the doubtful and difficult passages in the poet's writings.

The Island of Sardinia; including Pictures of the Manners and Customs of the Sardinians, and Notes on the Antiquities and Modern Objects of Interest in the Island. By J. W. Tyndale. 3 vols. Bentley.

"Ir is the *summum bonum* of everything which is valuable for us in the Mediterranean. The more I know of it the more I am convinced of its inestimable value from position, naval ports, and resources of all kinds." Thus wrote Lord Nelson of the island of Sardinia in 1804; and although nearly half a century has elapsed since that period, the island continues to be less known to us than many remote portions of the globe which were wholly so in the days of our great naval captain. Capt. Smyth's work, published in 1828, has hitherto been almost the only one that has given a faithful picture of the country,—and its truthfulness is confirmed by the publication before us. Various works treating of the antiquities and resources of the island have been published by Sardinian authors; amongst which that by the Comte de la Marmora is by far the most comprehensive and valuable. It has, we observe, been freely drawn upon by Mr. Tyndale:—who brings much of research and erudition to his task.

Notwithstanding her extent, the richness of her soil, her position in the centre of the Mediterranean, and her convenient harbours, Sardinia has remained down to our own times in a semi-barbarous state. This may be accounted for by a long series of wars and revolutions, followed by the establishment of the feudal system, which was in force until 1836; and by the wretched and oppressive government, which, placing restrictions on industry, paralyzed the energy of the inhabitants and retarded their civilization. Montesquieu wisely says in his 'Esprit des Lois' that—"Les pays ne sont pas cultivés en raison de leur fertilité, mais en raison de leur liberté; et si l'on divise la terre par la pensée, on sera étonné de voir la plupart du temps des déserts dans ses parties les plus fertiles, et des grands peuples dans celles où le terrain semble refuser tout." In ancient times Sardinia was regarded along with Sicily as a granary or belligerant nurse of Rome,—"Siciliam et Sardiniam benignissimas urbis nostræ nutrices"; but its present condition exhibits a lamentable falling off from this glowing picture of former produc-

tiveness. Mr. Tyndale devotes a long introductory chapter to the history of Sardinia; from the period when it was known by the names of Ichneus and Sandaleotis to the present time, or rather to that immediately antecedent to the recent policy and changes made by Carlo Alberto. He then introduces us to the province of Alghero, situated in the north-west of the island. Here he fell in with the King of Sardinia; from whom he received an invitation to accompany him and his suite to the celebrated *Antro di Nettuno*, a stalactitic grotto about twelve miles from the town of Alghero.

"We started at daylight for Alghero, amid the salutes of the batteries and the usual honours, and in about an hour and a half we brought up under the stupendous cliffs of Capo Caccia, whose craggy outlines were reflected by a cloudless sun on the mirror of the glassy sea. The Antro di Nettuno is situated on one of its promontories, close to the little island of Foradada, and so exposed that any wind between the north-west and the south prevents an entry. From my first arrival in the island I had heard incessantly that to leave it without seeing this grotto would be to omit its greatest natural curiosity, and compared to which all other grottoes in Europe were as nothing, the national pride of their own being as great as their utter ignorance of those in other countries." * * The candles and other necessities had been sent during the night by the city authorities, and they themselves had been occupied several hours before daylight in the arrangement. His majesty was welcomed on his arrival by a band of music stationed outside the grotto; but which, for the sake of the illusion, should have been placed unseen in some of the interior recesses. The first vaulted cavern, forming an antechamber about thirty feet high, has no peculiar beauty, and from it the royal party commenced embarking in a very small flat-bottomed boat, made expressly, and brought for traversing the water in the interior. His majesty, having desired me to accompany him and the Duke of Genoa, we crossed a second cavern, in which were about twenty feet of beautifully clear water; and then, turning to the left, we immediately found ourselves in an intricate navigation among stalactites, with surrounding walls and passages of stalagmites of considerable height. Having passed them and proceeding westerly we reached another cavern with a natural column in its centre, the shaft and capital of which, supporting the immense and beautifully fretted roof, reminded me of those in the chapter-house of the cathedral at Wells, and the staircase of the hall at Christ Church, Oxford. It stands, the growing monument of centuries, in all its massive and elegant simplicity, with, comparatively speaking, few other stalagmites to destroy the effects of its noble solitude. Having landed on the farthest side of the cavern, the Charon of this stalactic Styx returned for his majesty's suite; and the few minutes that elapsed gave us time to look around. Not a voice, not a sound was heard beyond the dying splash of the oar of the boat; one felt as if everything was merely a dream — "a phantasy, a heat-oppressed brain"; a thousand associations arose of artificial scenes of a similar character; — fêtes and palaces in Moore's 'Epicurean' and 'The Arabian Nights' all seemed realised; and had it not been for the presence of royalty, the delicious reverie might have been indulged till imagination became belief. The vista of the caverns and passages through which we had passed receded in the distance a slight greyish shade, — the feeble struggle of the few rays of daylight contending with the victorious blaze of nearly 3,000 candles, which, placed in all parts of the gigantic abyss where we stood, were reflected on the untroubled lake at our feet, while the roseate tint of the carbonate of lime gave a warmth to the whole scene. Opposite to us was a diminutive mountain, on the summit of which a row of lights, arranged expressly to illumine the overhanging roof, gave to the small stalactites in the distance the appearance of icicles of a frozen fountain; and to our right hand were columns of enormous and bizarre formation from fifty to sixty feet high, with recesses and projections of every variety. We then ascended this mountain, whence a coup d'œil of the whole surrounding hill, valley, and lake was obtained; and

here again the soundless scene gave, as it were, a sanctity to the very air we breathed, making us almost feel that the god of silence had selected it for his temple, and that it were a profanation to speak. Not even the reverberation of a ripple beat against the distant entrance; the billows, almost constantly rolling into it, then slept motionless on their sandy and coral beds, and it seemed as if

Scully wept,

And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.

In parts of the grotto were corridors and galleries, some 300 and 400 feet long; reminding one, if such a comparison is allowable, of the Moorish architecture of the Alhambra. One of them terminates abruptly in a deep cavern, into which we were prevented descending: but among many other interesting objects is a small chamber, the access to which is through a very narrow aperture. After climbing and scrambling through it we found ourselves in a room, the ceiling of which is entirely covered with delicate stalactites and the sides with fretted open work, so fantastical that one might almost imagine that it was a boudoir of the Oceanides, where they amused themselves with making lime lace. In exploring this lovely camaretta the sublime was changed into the ludicrous, and the warmth of admiration chilled by some icy-cold water in a hole at the bottom, into which the Duke of Genoa and myself slipped when assisting each other in the descent from the aperture; — my feet having as insecure a resting-place as that I had given him on my shoulders. Some of the columns in different parts of the grotto are from seventy to eighty feet in circumference; and the masses of drapery, drooping in exquisite elegance, are of equally grand proportions."

Mr. Tyndale devotes much space to a disquisition on the probable use of the Noraghe or Nurragis which dot the island of Sardinia to the amazing number of upwards of 3,000. These are strong buildings presenting the essential architectural feature of a truncated cone or tower, averaging from thirty to sixty feet in height and from one hundred to three hundred feet in circumference. The materials are lava, freestone, trachitic porphyry, or such other substances as the respective sites afford, — and they generally crown the summits of hills commanding plains. These silent monuments of men and times which have passed away and escaped all record have sorely puzzled various learned antiquaries; all of whom have failed to find any satisfactory solution to the simple questions — Were the Noraghe built by the autochthones of the island, of whom we have no knowledge — or by the earliest colonists, of whom we have but little information; and in either case, for what purpose did they serve? Mr. Tyndale inclines to the opinion that these extraordinary monuments were built by Canaanites who migrated to Sardinia when expelled from their country — that they were probably temples of sacrifice and worship, and occasionally used as a depository of idols or of immolated victims. It is worthy of remark that the island of Corsica, although so near to that of Sardinia, is wholly destitute of Noraghe. In the absence of all literal or symbolic characters, we may venture to affirm that the Noraghe, like the round towers of Ireland, will ever remain shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Our author of course visited the principal scene of the tunny fishery. This, as practised in Sardinia, is of a national character, — the whole population being deeply interested in the *take* of this profitable fish. The tunnies annually enter the Mediterranean early in spring. They skirt along the shores of Spain and France, — and, following the line of coast, pursue their course towards the Black Sea. Such has been the invariable route of the tunny for ages. The famous Golden Horn at Constantinople — the Chrysoceras of the Greeks and Aurei-Cornus of the Romans, — inherits its name from the riches

of the tunny-fishery which existed at that point. The means employed for capturing the tunny in Sardinia are ingenious. A complicated system of enormous nets disposed in the form of chambers stretches along the coast. Into the last of these chambers, which is appropriately called the *camera della morte*, the fish are lured; a common device being to employ an expert diver dressed in white to descend and pass through the passage leading from the next chamber where the fishes have already arrived, — when instead of attacking or avoiding him, they instinctively follow him as one of their own species. Two hundred men under the command of a captain are employed in the management of the nets. Here is the closing scene in the chamber of death. —

"The first evidence of the fishes being incommoded by the hauling up of the net was a multitude of circles formed on the surface of the water by their gyrations, at which a general shout of joy broke forth; and the fish, finding themselves every minute more and more restricted, gradually approach the surface, and the chamber becoming narrower and narrower, in their fear and confusion they quicken their movements, and lash each other as they roll and plunge in all directions. The men now haul with redoubled efforts and with the greatest expedition, lest at this moment, by any sudden and simultaneous rush, they might dash through the nets. The space is so contracted that there is just room for them to float without an impetus in their movements; the whole surface is one vast overflowing cauldron; on every side the spray is foaming and flying; every one in the barges is drenched by the shower, and 'Iris sits amid the infernal surge,' though not to the tunnies 'like hope upon a death-bed.' The Rais is still to be seen in his boat cheering and animating his men, apparently regardless of the death which would ensue were he upset and struck by one of the monsters. But the climax is at length obtained: though he cannot be heard in the uproar his signal is recognised; and while he withdraws to one of the barges the hauling ceases, the nets are fastened to the sides, and all being made secure, a pause ensues. A part of the men now arm themselves for the close conflict with thick sticks called 'crocchi,' from the iron hoops at their extremity, and thus accoutred, take up their position in the Capo Rais and Paliscalmo barges; the rest of the corps then re-commence hauling, and as the fishes appear on the surface the slaughterers strike the hooks into them and draw them towards the barges. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the confusion and uproar which now ensue. The fury, agony, and convulsion of the fish when struck — the cheers and exertions of the men as they haul them to the side of the barges — their efforts to draw them up — their disappointment in failure, expressed, too, in no very pious terms — the shouts of victory over a fish of great size, or who has fought 'à toute outrance' in his endeavour to escape from the hooks and hauling of ten or twelve men, and the reiterated slashing blows which shake the barge beneath our feet, make the excitement most intense. * * Care is requisite on the part of the men lest in reaching and striking they should fall overboard, for the weight of a fish would swamp and the blow of his tail stun or kill him unless immediately rescued. But an hour ago scarcely a voice was heard, and the tunny revelled happily in his deep cavern; but the unruled surface of the blue waters had gradually become as white as snow with the froth and spray, and was now incarnadined with blood. The bleeding of the fish, their torments in having the hook struck into them, and the unmerciful tearing of their flesh, are the only unpleasant part of the spectacle; and a partiality for sticking the hook into the eyes is defended on the plea of a supposed necessity of blinding them; an excuse hardly sufficient to warrant such cruelty. * * The quantity taken was 336, leaving the rest — about 160 — for another mattanza. Independently of keeping them as a decoy, the barges could not carry any more; nor could a greater number have been dressed ashore, as it is necessary to do it while they are perfectly fresh and in a proper state. La Marmora states that he has

seen 1,000 allowed to escape from the other chambers for want of hands to kill and dress them."

It is generally stated that the tunnies are not now so numerous as formerly; but we observe that the number caught during the years 1840-1-2, at the Saline, exceeded that caught during the years 1820-3, according to the authority of Capt. Smyth. In 1841, 12,365 tunnies were captured off the coasts of Sardinia. Their weight was 1,048 tons, and their value 40,000.

The traveller in Sardinia must be prepared to "rough it." In the days of our railway mania some ingenious speculators proposed to confer on the island, before passing through the transition state of stage coaches, the blessings of a great trunk line which should run through the centre of the country from north to south. Engineering difficulties, said the prospectus, are entirely absent,—and the groups of mountains which absolutely stud the island were conveniently levelled to plains on the map. Nothing seemed more easy—abundance of wood and iron being, of course, at hand—than to make the railway and the fortune of its projectors. The mountains yet exist, however,—and the railway does not: and the traveller who would see the interior of this wild country must pack his saddle bags and mount his steed, or with wallet on his back and staff in hand trudge along, depending more on the noted hospitality of the inhabitants for a resting-place at night than on hostels or caravansaries. Our author was an equestrian traveller:—and here we have an account of the *modus operandi* of Sardinian wayfaring and Sardinian fare.

"Having descended into the exquisite valley, a shady nook by the stream La Castania offered an acceptable halt for an early dinner and siesta. To the luxurious traveller rolling over the beaten roads of the Continent, in his well-cushioned britska, preceded by his courier to prepare, at the principal hotel, a recherche dinner for his artificial appetite, a trial of travelling, hunger, and cooking in the wild districts of Sardinia might be recommended. Having both relished and roughed the delicacies and difficulties of different countries, a comparative bill-of-fare struck me forcibly:—'Petit dîner à la Française. Anguille en matelotte, 1 fr. 80 cts.; Côtelettes d'agneau, sauce aux tomates, 1 fr. 60 cts.; Civet de Sanglier, 2 fr.; Omelette soufflée à la vanille, 1 fr. 30 cts.; Fromage de Roquefort, 30 cts.; 1 Boutille de St. Julien, 5 fr.; making a total of 12 fr., about 9s. 7d.' The dinner on the present occasion was composed of nearly the same dishes à la Sarde, but somewhat different in quantity and price:—'Three pounds of eels (or any other fish, at 15 cts. the pound), 45 cts., or 4½d.; a whole lamb, 1 lire nove, 60 cts., or 1s. 3½d.; half a wild boar, small, 2 lire nove, 50 cts., or 2s.; 12 eggs, 25 cts. or 2½d.; 2 quarts of wine, 25 cts., or 2½d.; a pound of cheese, 25 cts., or 2½d.; amounting to 5 lire nove, or 4s. 3½d.' This, my Sarde carte à manger, was more than sufficient for the dinner and supper of my two servants, my extra guide, and myself, and at half the price of its rival. My kitchen and dining-room were furnished 'au naturel'; and the routine is as follows:—The first thing on halting for the mid-day's rest, having taken off baggage and saddles, and turned the horses loose to graze, no matter where, is to cut a quantity of fire-wood, the arbutus, cistus, lavender, myrtle, and thyme, being selected for the delicious flavour they give to the meat. The live ashes are made into a pile of about eighteen inches high, and two feet square, with a stone at each corner, supporting four long horizontal arbutus stakes, on which the lamb and wild boar are spitted. These are occasionally turned and put diagonally across the embers, so that all parts of the meat are well roasted; and, while this operation is going on, the small travelling frying-pan turns out the fish and omelette. The wine is already iced in the cold transparent stream flowing close by; the green grass table-cloth is already laid; the mountain air and seven hours' ride serve in lieu of the sauces 'en matelotte' and 'aux tomates' for the meats, and the perfume from the

ashes supplies the 'à la vanille' for the omelette. This dinner is merely a specimen of the many one constantly enjoys, and which every traveller who visits the interior will learn to appreciate. The Sardes are very expert in the use of the long large knife which they carry in their waistbands; it is the axe for the fire-wood, the dissecting-knife for the animal which is to be killed and roasted; the carving-knife, the table-knife, and tooth-pick; and lastly, a favourite weapon in defence or attack; for all of which, including the latter, I have seen, and can vouch for, its utility. In many parts it is the custom to roast their sheep, calves and goats whole; and on fests and occasions of *réunion*, a whole bullock is prepared and served up for dinner. A large hole is then made in the ground; stakes are driven in the inside to keep the earth up; some are also laid at the bottom to prevent the animal touching the soil; and others on the top are intertwined, so as to form a lid, which is entirely covered over with earth about nine inches thick. A deep trench two feet wide is then dug entirely around it, leaving about six inches of soil as an intermediate wall. While this primitive bakhouse is preparing, an immense bonfire of shrubs and wood has produced the live ashes, which from time to time are raked into the trench, and a thick layer is placed also on the earthy lid. Around and all over it a fresh and continual bonfire is then kept up; the heat is so great that the animal is soon baked, and a very agreeable flavour is imparted to the meat by this wholesale cookery."

The island of Sardinia is a land literally overflowing with milk and honey. In the Donori district the supply of cheese was so abundant in 1842, that for want of means of carriage and export a quantity of it was used for manuring the ground,—and in the Nuovo country grain was so plentiful that it rotted and was destroyed. This spontaneous fertility of the soil is a great cause of the idleness of the people; who are notorious for a *laissez aller* manner exemplified in the Sarde proverb—"Let God give it, and then I shall have it."—Where the necessities of life are so cheap, it cannot be expected that the learned professions are highly paid. What would our fashionable London physicians think of the following scale of charges regulated by law?—

"The fees of physicians and surgeons are fixed by a tariff on the 23rd November, 1841. The price of a simple visit is 9d.; increasing according to the time of day or night, distance, and length of visit, to about 8s. In surgery, the fees vary according to the degree of the surgeon, as well as the time, distance, and operation, from 6d. to 8s.; and in the Bassa Chirurgia degree (the phlebotomists and dentists), the extent of whose occupations are defined by law, petty distinctions in the fees are actually made between bleeding in the arm, hand, or foot, the prices being 2½d., 3d., and 4½d. respectively; and it also costs 2½d. to have a tooth extracted, and 4½d. to have a root or fang of it removed;—according to the Imperial rules of the king of Sardinia! !"

Mr. Tyndale gives a lucid—and we believe a faithful account of the various institutions and customs of the inhabitants. Some of these are sufficiently curious to warrant extract; but we must refer the reader to the volumes—assuring him that he will find our author an instructive and amusing guide to an island which, although presenting all the requisites for a high state of independence and prosperity, is at least two centuries behind the greater portion of the Continent of Europe in civilization. We must not, however, lay down our pen without noticing a grave fault. Mr. Tyndale has given us three volumes abounding with statistical and topographical details,—and no index. This is an unpardonable omission,—which we hope to see amended in a second edition.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ansted's (Professor) *The Gold-Seeker's Manual*, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
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BRITISH MUSEUM CATALOGUE.

PRESS of business has prevented my resuming this subject; but I now proceed to the discussion of the kind of *literary* catalogue which should be adopted. Three plans may be suggested:—the chronological, the classed, and the alphabetical.

In all the book-lists which I use (and what between catalogues called catalogues, and catalogues called by other names, large and small, I cannot do without two or three dozen at hand, besides what the Museum can further supply) I find that the main point of my division of their species into better and worse turns on their nearer or further approach to furnishing an affirmative answer to the following question:—Is there a *fixed rule* pervading the whole which any one will learn it is sure to find *applicable*—and *applied*? When once I am sure that there is any amount of rule, I predict that a catalogue is so far good in kind: meaning that it will turn out useful. And I find that any rule—which is a rule—pays for the learning it: and that no one must hope to use a catalogue of many thousand books without giving a little trouble to the acquisition of its structure.

The chronological plan (with an alphabetical index) is the one in which a *fixed rule* is the easiest to preserve and master. I should prefer it; but I am writing upon points which are actually discussed, and the chronological plan has hardly any supporters.

The question lies, then, between the classed and the alphabetical. Now, supposing it granted that both these systems admit of perfection, there is a question in *limine*. Which do men of research most want to do in a catalogue?—to hunt a *subject*, or to hunt an *author*? The latter, I believe; and this is one of the points of dry fact which cannot be settled by argument. And in my belief of this as a fact, I form the opinion that were alphabetical and classed catalogues equally good and usable the former should be preferred.

But I do not think they are equally good, or can be. Were I to repeat on this point the challenge which I gave in my first letter, I should now expect no answer. Nevertheless, if any one will forward to you the name of a classed catalogue which he has

used in investigating, I will do a *previ*—*rebus*—*facti*—*chosen* by *Classific*—*but not at*—*war*. I *never*—*The only*—*tion as a*—*believe* that they are *any*—*atting*—*arranging*—*thinks*, *but* *branch*, *firm*, *void* *and* *and* *two*, *accor*—*of* *facts*, *as* *the* *against* *modern*, *great*, *subject* *or* *Imagine* *names*—*classi*—*classification*—*In truth*, *no one* *pre*—*cross* *matter*—*Again*, *and* *of* *and* *The begin*—*ilities*: *may* *ought* *not* *to* *more* *than* *search* *J*—*And the* *for*, *under* *catalogue* *history* *of* *had never*—*But the* *the* *great* *discover* *re* *reasons* *for* *objects*, *and* *not* *to* *him* *to* *discover* *degree* *fr*—*man*! *I* *be* *bet*—*all* *is* *here* *ou*—*to* *every* *want* *person*, *will not*. *I* *will* *favour* *it* *does not* *into* *argu*—*way* *of* *g*—*declaration*—*Amou*—*valuable*—*literatu*—*what on* *them*; *deal wi*—*themselves*, *from e*—*gold*—*surgery*—*Forms*, *at th*

used in investigation and found both easy and good, I will do at Easter what nothing but the failure of reply prevented my doing at Christmas,—expose the faults of which I complain, upon an instance not chosen by myself.

Classification is a rule in the *middle* of the subject, but not at the *edge*. There will always be a border war. I never found cross references effective enough. The only way to proceed is to treat the classification as a collection of different catalogues—and make believe (with certain mutterings which ease the mind) that they are different books.

Any attempt at classification is two different things for two different purposes. Even the same person, arranging his books according to subjects, as he thinks, at a time when his life is devoted to one branch, finds out that his arrangement is null and void when he gives himself up to another. History and controversial politics are very like one head or two, according as a man is thinking of principles or of facts. Geometry is one thing or another, according as the consulter of the catalogue is setting space against number, or ancient mathematics against modern. These differences are connected with the great dispute on the classification of knowledge,—a subject on which startling varieties of opinion exist. Imagine an alphabetical catalogue with a difference of opinion about the initial letter of half the authors' names—and we still fall far short of the difficulty of classification of subjects.

In truth, a book is not the proper atom of classification: its subdivisions are more nearly so. But no one proposes to classify *chapters* in a library of 100,000 volumes. It is thought that a frequent cross reference will do the work: and this, as a matter of fact, I deny.

Again, classification is of one effect to the beginner and of another to the proficient,—and both injurious. The beginner wants great points and marked affinities: minor details either disgust or mislead. He ought not to learn his subject in a catalogue. He is not fit to enter a large library if he does not know one great work with scores of references more valuable than a catalogue could give him. If he wants to search James II., Macaulay's foot-notes will yield more than all the librarians in Europe could give. And the odds are that the very first book he looked for, under Macaulay's guidance, in a so-called classified catalogue, he would find that his guide had made history of James II. out of a book which his classifier had never dreamed of inserting under that head.

But the proficient has another object. He knows the great and medium references—he wants the obscure ones: in fact, detection of new and unknown reasons for altering classification is, if not one of his objects, at least a necessary consequence of his success, and not unfrequently its proper measure. To confine him to the librarian's classification, and expect him to discover new knowledge of antiquity, differs only in degree from the absurdity of expecting him to get the modern discoveries in etymology out of Lilly's *Grammar*. He is worried, and wishes for a clear (alphabetical) field and no favour. His arranger's kindness is all hindrance: and he comes to the conclusion that there ought to be cross references from every subject to every other, on every book. Not that they will all be wanted; but that he finds his classifier is not the person who can tell for him which will and which will not.

I will briefly desire those who read arguments in favour of classification, to watch whether the writer does not gradually depart from proof of what *will* do into argument as to what *ought* to do. This is one way of giving up the question. Another is, to demand a head of "miscellaneous,"—which is equivalent to declaring that *books* cannot be classified.

Among classified catalogues, I do not include those valuable selections, not from libraries, but from literature, which are in fact lists of books recommended by the writer. It is always useful to see what one thinks of books whose vocation it is to read them; but the framer of a library catalogue must deal with them by the hundred thousand on the shelves. The classified library catalogue is made from either titles or contents. The first sends war-fishes to astronomy, differential calculus to surgery, and would put the "Grammar of Infinite Forms," which I picked up to-day, written to prove that the heathen gods are curves and polygons, with

the works of Grimm and Rask. The second has an immense number of matters of opinion settled by the classifier; and the more he has thought, the less likely are we to understand his arrangement.

This subject is a wide one, and I have been brief even to abruptness for the sake of sparing your columns. In conclusion, I submit, first, that there is not any classed catalogue in the classification of which any respectably numerous minority of those who use catalogues, agree:—secondly, that no plan of forming one similarly circumstanced yet exists:—thirdly, that the principles of such a plan are yet matter of sharp contention:—fourthly, that it would, therefore, be unwise to attempt any such thing, and that the classification would be of no use to the acquisition of what is already known and an absolute hindrance to the progress of research.

Jan. 22.

A LOVER OF OLD BOOKS.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cairo, Nov. 15, 1848.

I have read with surprise [see *Ath.* No. 1046] Dr. Beke's declaration that, although he has descended to make a police-report on myself and brother, he is still ignorant, in the eleventh hour, of that foundation stone of all biography—the place of my birth.—It is probably a matter of indifference to your readers to be informed that my brother Arnauld and myself were born in Dublin—that we left Ireland under eight years of age—and that we are French men by education, fortune and choice.

I challenged Dr. Beke to publish his police-report because its title, "On the Messrs. D'Abbadie," implied the revelation of some precise private information on my brother—who was then absent from me, and whose natural defender I am. That Dr. Beke considered his paper an elaborate piece of diplomacy appeared to me evident from the fact communicated by him to the public, that he claimed payment for it. I will not pause to question whether a gentleman is entitled to boast of such private service even were he forced to perform it; for the act savours more of the habits of the old Lisbon Inquisition than of those of a man who professes to devote his talents to the cause of science.

However, Dr. Beke says not a word about my brother; and having to speak for myself only I may mention that when I met Capt. Harris's private reporter in Cairo, I had already twice visited Abyssinia and spoke the two principal languages of the country—which I had likewise studied in men and books. Dr. Beke, having the advantage of the latter only, was towards me in the position of a man who asks questions. I answered all these without reserve; but particularly remarked that he never asked me anything relating to the final object of my journey—to my political opinions—or to the Roman-Catholic Mission which my brother and myself were chiefly instrumental in founding. I thus naturally concluded that Dr. Beke could not possibly have any particular information on those points. He may have expected that I should explain everything to him of my own accord; but travelling comprehends many different paths of research, and I have yet to be informed that all mine have been embraced by Dr. Beke. The reserve of the then mysterious Doctor coincided with the report current in Egypt that he was a political and missionary secret agent in the English pay. Of course I never until now even hinted this to any one; for common sense shows that *proofs* are requisite before a man can be taken in another character than that which he professes.

Dr. Beke's memory has utterly misled him when he says that I had a Spanish passport:—such a document never having passed through my hands. As for an English passport, I took one for the Red Sea, where no French flag was habitually seen—and in the same way as an English traveller would prefer a French passport if he intended visiting the back settlements of Algeria.

When I denied, not only in words but in writing, the insinuations of a German paper (*Das Ausland*) and showed that written denial to Dr. Beke, either he was satisfied with it and ought not to have reported me as a French secret agent, or he was not, and he could have cleared up all his doubts by asking me for explanations which I was then very willing to communicate. But he listened, made no remark; and

my natural conclusion was that he believed me. As for the *official* report to Capt. Harris—the latter either knew me as a scientific traveller or as a secret agent, and wanted no more, since Dr. Beke has confessedly added no private information of his own—or the adventurous Captain did not know me; and surely then Dr. Beke hurt me in the opinion of any Englishman who might see rumours substantiated into a report,—and in that of an English ambassador who, as I have seen by one of his letters, which I answered, intended returning by Gondar where he would then have met me.

As for the charge of mystery (no crime or misdemeanour, however) made not only by Dr. Beke but also by yourself,—I am at a loss to understand it. Your paper had been the means of informing the public, through Prof. Lloyd, as I am told, as early as 1837, that I had made in the Brazils a discovery on the suggestions of M. Arago,—which discovery has been fully confirmed by Lieut.-Col. Sabine several years later [see *Ath.* No. 1011]. My papers published by the Royal Geographical Society, and my letter to Capt. Beaufort printed by you (in or about 1840) show plainly that science is my pursuit. The latter says clearly that my brother and myself intended to visit the highlands of Central Africa. This project we have realized, but until then the natural inference should be that we meant not otherwise than we said. If we have been long at work, nobody has even hinted at the obstacles which we encountered, and to explain them would be too tedious for you.

Dr. Beke is not strictly impartial when he copies into your No. 1046 an article of the *Times*, and omits to quote my answer—also in the *Times*—where I contradict the insinuations concerning me. I am afraid that this answer of mine is even wanting in the Doctor's unpaid-for private report. It is marvellous that I have long ago contradicted in Germany and in England that which Dr. Beke nevertheless persisted in maintaining until very lately. Dr. Beke's fault was in giving utterance in an *official* report, and in the most careless manner, to rumours which he now admits to be false.

My only thanks are due to him for placing the whole question on the right ground when he informs me that the Rev. Mr. Isenberg accuses my brother and myself (Bonn, 1844) of having been partly instrumental in turning him out of a country from whence his "Mission" has been expelled three several times. This had been mentioned to me in 1839 by a literary gentleman in London, who pressed on me the necessity of an answer. But this strange impeachment being made in a paper totally unknown in France, I preferred remaining silent altogether, hoping that the reverend author would take kindly my forbearance and correct whatever he had penned in the first galling fever of disappointment when ejected from a country where he had expected to enjoy the authority of a teacher. Now that it has happened otherwise, I feel bound to make the following statement.

In 1837, my brother Arnauld and myself repaired to Egypt with the express intention of visiting the source of the White Nile, which we believed with Bruce to be situated in Kaffa. As our undertaking might prove unsuccessful, we, like all who pursue new ideas, naturally kept it a secret; and fearing that we might eventually be forced to relinquish it altogether, resolved to do some good to Abyssinia,—which, from a comparison of the works of the Portuguese Jesuits with those of Bruce and Pearce, is evidently wading backwards in civilization. This national relapse into barbarism can be impeded by conquest, colonization, commerce, or missionary endeavours. The latter only were at the disposal of private individuals; and not being Churchmen ourselves, we sought a Roman-Catholic missionary—not so much because of our own religious opinions as from the view of a fact established by Bruce and Pearce, i.e. that there were in Abyssinia natives of that religious persuasion. We did so with the same feelings which made me accept this year the conveyance of a message from the Falasha Assembly in Abyssinia to the Israelites of Europe.

On arriving in Muçawwa, I remained there with our baggage, and Arnauld proceeded to A'dwa with the Rev. M. Sapeto, a Roman-Catholic missionary. They had nothing in the way of presents, no letters

of introduction, no knowledge of the native language, factions or intrigues; and in less than a month after their arrival the Rev. Mr. Isenberg was expelled,—partly from personal causes perhaps, but chiefly from the well known reluctance of all Abyssines to hear anything in disparagement of the Holy Virgin. When the mob assembled with threatening gestures at the Rev. Mr. Isenberg's door, my brother and the Rev. M. Sapeto, under the false idea that the Abyssine mob behaves as violently as a European one, armed themselves and repaired to the house of the Protestant missionaries to defend them when necessary against personal violence. Arnould's volunteering his services on this occasion, is probably no more than many Englishmen would do in a barbarous country, for a Roman-Catholic priest: but that the Rev. M. Sapeto should, contrary to his habits and calling, take arms to defend one who, in ordinary language, was his natural enemy, seems to me a rare act of Christian charity, which the Rev. Mr. Isenberg ought not to have forgotten. Shortly after his departure, my brother separated from the Rev. M. Sapeto, as their pursuits were totally different; and the Roman-Catholic Mission, which has since flourished, has continued its labours totally distinct from, and unaided by, us—for in a semi-barbarous country the ministers of Christ can verily receive very little aid from lay foreigners.

On my subsequent arrival in A'den, I was received by Capt. Haines with a mixture of oddity and courtesy excusable in a British seaman less skilled in men than in winds, waves and cannon. His deportment towards me underwent, however, a sudden change not concomitant with the arrival of any ship from England or from India,—for there were none,—but, by a remarkable coincidence, with the very day on which a messenger came from the Church of England Mission (then, not now) established in Shawa. That Capt. Haines neither feared nor disliked me as a secret agent of the French government was evident by his kind reception, while I was in the precincts of A'den, of Mons. Combes—suspected, and with reason, of being that very agent.

At Gondar, in June 1838, the Icage and the messengers of Ras A'ly of Dajac Kanfu and Dajac Ubis consulted my brother and myself in the name of the nominal King Sahla Dingil as to the European government most likely to prevent Mohammed A'ly's threatened invasion into Abyssinia. We were so indifferent to political and religious motives that in place of naming the French government only, as we might have done, we added the English government also. I was, in 1839, the bearer of two Abyssine letters which I delivered to Lord Palmerston and Marshal Soult; and as the application was favourably received by both governments, I was naturally intrusted with the appropriate answers. When, subsequently, Capt. Haines impeded my voyage to Gondar by Tujurrah and Shawa, peculiar reasons preventing me then from proceeding by Muçawwa, I gave him, as his receipt shows, Lord Palmerston's despatch, begging him to forward it:—but seven years afterwards it had not yet arrived in Gondar.

Dr. Beke says, "it is perfectly natural and proper that the British authorities should regard with suspicion an individual respecting whom such reports were so generally prevalent, and who presented himself before them in so equivocal a character." This appears to savour of that crooked wisdom, as Bacon calls it, which is sometimes current in India. But Capt. Haines acted also, and without proofs:—and Dr. Beke knows that well.

I have passed in England some of the happiest days of my life—have some true friends there—look involuntarily to her sequestered island as my second home—and would not, if possible, lend my hand to those few who rake, on either side of the channel, the slumbering embers of national enmity. I cannot bring myself to believe that Dr. Beke's startling assertion (beginning with the italics above) is approved by the majority of the British. But if so, I have yet to tear from my heart an almost sacred feeling of friendship for Englishmen—a feeling which the prejudices of my childhood in Ireland and my education in France may have sometimes ruffled, but have never yet been able to eradicate.

ANTOINE D'ABBADIE.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

After a long interval, our columns of several recent weeks have at length contained further tidings of the whereabouts—and we are glad to say the welfare—of the brothers D'Abbadie. These interrupted communications have necessarily an air of the past about them—and some of our readers may be apt hastily to conclude that they reopen foregone conclusions. But such must remember that the geographical space is the least part of the distance which ordinarily separates the Messrs. D'Abbadie from the channels of European communication. An age of steam does not readily take account of the moral spaces that lie between London and Gondar; and men familiar with penny postage and an hourly delivery may not make immediate allowance for the extremely bad postal arrangements that traverse the Desert and communicate with the sources of the White Nile.—These considerations are necessary to explain a letter which appears in our columns to-day reviving an old quarrel with Dr. Beke, which our readers may suppose to have been fought out in our columns of 1817—or to have lapsed by course of time. The deserts moral and material that stretch between the parties redeem the *prima facie* imputation of *laches*. We cannot refuse to M. D'Abbadie, who has been so far away and has long made our columns his channel of communication with the European public, their medium for returning to a dispute which we should ourselves be glad to see brought to a close, and which a different position would necessarily have brought within a narrower compass:—particularly as he enters upon certain details to remove the mystery which we had ourselves [No. 1044, p. 1129] charged against these brothers as accounting for some of the misrepresentations to which they have been exposed and the annoyances which they have suffered.

Once more we regret to add to the chain of melancholy inferences in relation to the long lost-party of the Arctic Expedition. The Herald has returned from Behring's Straits, having heard no tidings of the Erebus or Terror. Let it be remembered, however, that the Herald was only a tender to the Plover, and that to the latter the duty of the search belongs. The Herald was not, therefore, on the ground from whence a similarly negative report will be finally and mournfully significant.—Meantime, our readers will be gratified to learn that the Admiralty have determined to leave nothing undone which may contribute to a better issue. It is determined to follow up what has been already undertaken for the relief of Sir John Franklin. Sir James Ross's intention was to send the Investigator home this year, and continue the search with the Enterprise. This will be overruled by the Admiralty; who have determined to send a transport laden with provisions to Lancaster Sound early in the summer.

We gave last week one of a few hitherto unpublished poems by the late Hartley Coleridge, of which the manuscript has been put into our hands since the sobs were laid over the writer in the Churchyard of Grasmere. They who mourn over a genius that had lost its way in the world may like to have a couple of examples more. They are of little value for others. Their poetry is less in themselves and for the uninformed in Hartley Coleridge's history, than in the memories which they will awaken and the morals they will suggest for those to whom the poet was known.—

SONNETS.

On a Picture of Jephthah and his Daughter, in the possession of James Brancher, Esq. Croft Lodge.

Tis true, the Painter's hand can but arrest
The moment that in nature never stays,—
But fleets, impatient of the baffled gaze.
Yet, if that single moment be the best
Of many years, commissioned to attest
The excellence whose beauty ne'er decays,
Let not the mute art lack a righteous praise
That shows the lovely ever loveliest.
And thou, sweet Maid, for ever keep that look—
Thou never hadst so sweet a look till now;
Read in thy father's face as in a book
Thy virgin doom, the irrevocable vow.—
Well were it if thy father ne'er had shook
Away the doubt that hangs upon his brow.

On the same subject.

What if thine angry God had made thine arm
Dread as the thunderbolt, or solid fire,
Or pest, obedient to his vengeful ire?
Think'st thou thine oath was like a wizard's charm:—

Or hadst thou need with proffered blood to farm
Jehovah's might? It proves thy faith unsure,
Thy creed idolatrous, thy heart impure,
Thy God a greedy trafficker in human, —
Not Israel's hope.—But she, thy daughter mild,
Whose eager love and over-hasty greeting
Have made thee murderer of thine only child,
Loves not the less for that unhappy meeting.
Guiltless she dies to save thee from the guilt
Which must be thine though her pure blood be split.

Sir Francis Head, it appears, is the author of the article on the North-Western Railway in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Sir Francis is well pleased with the success of the article that has greatly enlarged it, with a view to a separate publication, to be called "Stokers and Pokers."—The old practice of preserving the anonymous is fast wearing out,—and the author of an article in either the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review* is about as notorious as the article itself. In Gifford's time it was very different. Old Mr. Murray, it is well known, always objected to the reprinting of a *Quarterly-Review* article as a separate publication. "Let those that want it buy the *Quarterly*," was his invariable answer; "they may like the article, and in consequence become subscribers to the *Review*."

It is said that a lady of the family of a literary French ex-minister now in England is translating "Jane Eyre" into French.

Mr. Robert Cadell, the eminent bookseller, and friend and publisher of Sir Walter Scott, died at Ratho House, near Edinburgh, on the 20th inst. He was the son-in-law and successor of Archibald Constable, and rose into eminence as a publisher on the ruin of the celebrated firm of Scott, Constable & Ballantyne. It was Mr. Cadell who suggested to Scott the republication of his novels and romances in monthly five-shilling volumes; and it was Mr. Cadell's tact and sagacity as a publisher that ultimately righted Scott's affairs, and set—as we recorded last week to be the case—the whole estate of Abbotsford free from incumbrance. As his great hit was the monthly five-shilling issue of the novels, so his great mistake was his so-called Abbotsford edition,—which is said to have cost him upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, and is known to have been a heavy article on his shelves. He had little taste in Art, but thought he knew a good deal about it. He paid largely for what he wanted, made a parade of well-known names, and picked up rather by accident than anything else a few happy illustrations. He was never in an extensive way of business with authors. He published for Capt. Basil Hall,—and, like all the "great houses," had an "Art of Cookery" of his own; but latterly he confined his attention to working the Scott copyrights in every possible shape for a speedy sale. This he did so well, that he has died possessed of a handsome estate in land, a large sum of realized money, and the entire copyright of the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, Mr. Cadell was able to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone as Old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for Government printing, which Mr. Cadell never had. This large sum is the more remarkable when it is remembered that the writings of Scott were not first published by Mr. Cadell—that his fortune was made by the sale of works of which the public had already bought so largely that many were in their fifth and sixth editions.

The daily papers report the death, at the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, of Capt. William Siborne, known as the author of a "History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815,"—and yet more popularly as the constructor of the Waterloo Model.

The *Maitland Mercury*, under date July 14, thus notices some reported additional news relative to Dr. Leichhardt:—"We have been favoured with the sight of a letter from a gentleman in New England, dated June 11, which states that a Mr. M., whose station is on the Bundara river, had informed the writer that 'Dr. Leichhardt had returned three hundred miles to the furthest station, to say that he had found a magnificent country, with beautiful grass and water; that Dr. Leichhardt thought he might possibly never return, or not for so long a time that it would be a pity such a country should

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Lord John Russell has, we understand, granted to Mr. E. W. Lane a pension of 100*l.* per annum for two years, towards the completion of his labours.

M. de Saint-Priest has been elected a member of the French Academy in the room of M. Vatout. —The French papers announce that several writers are about to take the field against M. Guizot in his war upon Democracy. M. Cormenin and M. Proudhon are mentioned as of the number.

A striking and lamentable instance of the obstacles which Revolutions oppose to the cause of moral progress is furnished by the intended breaking-up, through the failure of the national resources, of the Reformatory Establishment at Mettray—with whose scheme our readers are well acquainted through the columns of the *Athenæum*. Institutions of this kind are the real indices of a nation's great advance in true civilization—and their stoppage is, to the thinking mind, the most emphatic of all warnings against the evils of a deranged social machinery. A correspondent writes to us on the subject as follows.—

The French are very busy just now with their Revolutions. They cannot attend to the crash at Mettray while their minds are agitated about the crash of France. Here is a fine opportunity for the philanthropists on this side of the Channel. We are on both sides anxious to exchange expressions of goodwill;—here is as pure an offering of friendship, an obtrusive reminder of the common humanity which binds us, as is likely to be met with during the year 1849. Let the benevolence of England save the benevolent in France. After all the follies to which we have delivered our ungratified subscriptions, how can we refuse a trifle to Mettray? The Lord Mayor has honoured the *Garde Nationale*—now let the charitable among us honour France in the person of M. de Metz. He has devoted eight years of his life to a work well worth doing. He has deserved well of his country, but his country is just now under a cloud; he has deserved well of the whole human commonwealth. The readers of your paper, if they profit by, or sympathize with, its pages, should in quick intelligence and liberal ideas. Tell them:—Mettray wants money.

Now, lamenting as much as our correspondent, the breaking-up of Mettray—if that is to be—we cannot second his appeal. Let France repair her own disordered civilization—and pay the price of her own crimes and follies. Too much work of the kind here indicated remains to be done at home for us to bid the workers look abroad. We have no spare philanthropy to export. English benevolence has abundant food to live upon at home—and need not emigrate. The readers of the *Athenæum* well know that we are not of those who would have "Charity end at home"—but it must begin there. We cannot see through the cloud of sin and sorrow that surrounds our own door to redeem the suffering of France. There is a loud cry in our native streets for this very nourishment that our correspondent bids us send beyond the sea. We want Mettray at home ere we think of subsidizing a foreign Mettray.—However, the seed of goodness sown anywhere fructifies for all the world. The lead which England casts upon the waters is sure to return, if after many days, to herself. The charity which we cannot have directly for ourselves we shall be glad to see given to our neighbours. And so, to those whose philanthropy is of the travelling order, re print the suggestion of our correspondent.

A correspondent writing to us from Naples says:—Within the last month we have lost Cesar Malpica, one of the most industrious writers of the kingdom. I believe he was a native of Salerno.—He also mentions the following instances of honours bestowed in that on intellectual eminence:—An Order of Nobility—the Cross of Chevalier of the Royal Order of Francis the First—has been bestowed on Mercadante, on the sculptor Tito Angolini, and on the Director Camillo Ginevra.

The same correspondent says:—Prof. Antonio Scialoia on the 7th inst. gave his inaugural discourse at the commencement of a course of lectures on *Political Economy*, to be delivered three times a week. This may be considered as forming a grand epoch in Naples.

It is confidently predicted, says the *Boston Transcript*, that Jared Sparks will be the successor to Mr. Everett in the Presidency of Harvard College.

The new business in bookselling which the opening of the line of the North-Western Railway by Mr. Smith of the Strand is likely to open up, engages a good deal of attention in literary circles. This new shop for books will, it is thought, seriously injure many of the country booksellers, and remove

at the same time a portion of the business transacted by London tradesmen. For instance, a country gentleman wishing to purchase a new book will give his order, not, as heretofore, to the Lintot or Tonson of his particular district, but to the agent of the bookseller on the line of railway—the party most directly in his way. Instead of waiting, as he was accustomed to do, till the bookseller of his village or of the nearest town can get his usual monthly parcel down from his agent in "the Row"—he will find his book at the locomotive library, and so be enabled to read the last new novel before it is a little flat or the last new history in the same edition as the resident in London. A London gentleman hurrying from town with little time to spare will buy the book he wants at the railway station when he takes his ticket—or perhaps at the next, or third, or fourth, or at the last station (just as the fancy takes him) on his journey. It is quite possible to conceive such a final extension of this principle that the retail trade in books may end in a great monopoly:—nay, instead of seeing the *imprimatur* of the Row or of Albemarle Street upon a book, the great recommendation hereafter may be "Euston Square," "Paddington," "The Nine Elms," or even "Shoreditch." Stokers may become authors in the intervals of business—and electric wires touched by the fingers of genius may print a canto or a history at every station. It is told of Mickle, the translator of "The Lusiad," and himself a printer, that such was his facility of composition that he could compose as an author and as a printer simultaneously—in other words, that he did without what is technically called "copy." Whatever may be the effect to the present race of booksellers of this change in their business—it is probable that this new mart for books will raise the profits of authors. How many hours are wasted at railway stations by people well to do in the world, with a taste for books but no time to read advertisements or to drop in at a bookseller's to see what is new! Already it is found that the sale at these places is not confined to cheap or even ephemeral publications;—that it is not the novel or light work alone that is asked for and bought.

DIORAMA. REGENT'S PARK.—NOTICE.—This Establishment will be CLOSED ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, the 31st instant, preparatory to a New exhibition. The Picture of MOUNT EATNA is at present exhibiting. It is to be seen under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption. Open from Ten till Four.—Admittance, 1*s.*

THE MISSISSIPPI and MISSOURI, by BANVARD.—The celebrated MOVING PAINTING of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, extending known as the "Three-Mile Picture," exhibited in a hall of Commerce, over 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, through the heart of America to the city of New Orleans, being by far the largest picture ever executed by man, is EXHIBITED TWICE EVERY DAY AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Admission, Lower Seats, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.*

The Painting commences moving at Half-past Two and Half-past Seven p.m.—Doors open half an hour previously.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A VIEW in the GOLD DISTRICT of CALIFORNIA is just added to the New Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS, LECTURES on the VIBRATION of the VOICE, and on AIR-SINGING, by G. Clifford, Esq., Illustrated by a variety of Songs, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at a Quarter to Three o'clock, and on the alternate Evenings, at Eight—on the ELECTRIC LIGHT, by Dr. Bachofner, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings, at a Quarter to Three; RYAN'S INSTITUTION, Experiments, daily, and on alternate Evenings CHILDE'S PHANTASMAGORIA, with New Effects, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at a Quarter to Three, and on the alternate Evenings, NEW CHROMATROPE, MIRRORSCOPE, DIVER and DIVING-BALL, WORKING MODELS explained. The music is directed by Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 11.—H. Hallam, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. A. Taylor sent a map, for exhibition, showing the boundaries which he assigned in his paper, read before the holidays, to Roman London. He seemed to doubt how far those boundaries could be definitely and distinctly marked; but, at all events, the limits pointed out by him, as indicated by the discovery of remains and other circumstances, will form a useful accompaniment to his essay when it appears in the next volume of the *Archæologia*,—for which, of course, the map will be engraved.—Major Macdonald sent for exhibition a remarkable silver ring, of considerable weight,—supposed, from the inscription to have belonged to one of the early Dukes of Cornwall:—also, several Hebrew and Oriental MSS. of great antiquity, which he had obtained during his travels and services in the East.—An autograph of John Bradshaw, President of the Court which tried and condemned Charles the First, was laid on the table for inspection; and we have no doubt that

many other specimens of the same kind would from time to time be offered to the notice of the Society, if some light frame were employed in which the autographs might be placed under glass, and so handed about the room without risk of injury. The old paper is often so frail that some precaution of the kind is necessary: but with parchments the case would usually be different.—A paper was read from Capt. Smyth, the Director, on a hint which we threw out in our account of the last meeting of the Society, that the word "Coleharbour" was, at least in many instances, derived from the Latin *coluber*; and Capt. Smyth showed that what we now call "Coleharbours" were frequently situated at the turns or windings of ancient Roman roads, and that in this circumstance the term perhaps originated. The notion is at least plausible; and it was supported in the paper by various learned illustrations.—Mr. R. Brooke began a paper "On the Site of Towton Field, where the Battle was fought on the 29th of March, 1461."

Jan. 18.—J. P. Collier, Esq. in the chair.—Some curious though not very early brasses were exhibited.—The President proceeded with the reading of Mr. R. Brooke's paper upon Towton Field,—also called Saxton Field. It contained a good deal of valuable information regarding the locality, and showed the writer to be well versed in the chroniclers of the time. The dissertation was more interesting in a historical than in an antiquarian point of view; and if there were any deficiency, it was in the account of the discovery of any relics of the battle. Mr. Brooke showed that some of those who had hitherto described the scene had made mistakes, both as to the number of men engaged on each side and as to the positions they were said to have occupied.

After the reading, some observations were made by Sir C. G. Young and other members on the brasses produced in the beginning of the evening; one of which was the effigy of a knight, with a coronet on his left shoulder—position quite unprecedented and requiring explanation. One of the brasses was an escutcheon, on the back of which were several small male and female figures, much older than the coat of arms, which in themselves were remarkable.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Jan. 22.—T. Bellamy, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read descriptive of the tubular beam skew bridge on the Carronbank Road over the Polloc and Govan Railway.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Jan. 9.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—The paper read was "A Description of the improved Forms of Water-Wheels," by Mr. William Fairbairn. After noticing the opportunity for improvement afforded by the substitution of cast and wrought iron for timber in the construction of hydraulic machines, the author pointed out the disadvantages and loss of power attending the principle and the form of the old water-wheels. He quoted Dr. Robinson's "Mechanical Philosophy" for the numerous disadvantages of the old form of bucket,—and the difficulties arising from the attempts of the old millwrights to design a shape which should retain the water for a greater length of time in it, and thus give out more power. The chief difficulty was the opposition of the air to the entrance of the water; and numerous contrivances—such as boring holes in the starts, making the spout much narrower than the face of the bucket, &c.,—were tried. But still the difficulties existed; and they induced Mr. Fairbairn to adopt the construction described in the paper, and which he termed "the Ventilating Water-Wheel." The general object of these modifications was to prevent the condensation of the air, and to permit its escape during the filling of the bucket, as also its re-admission during the discharge of the water into the lower mill-race.

Jan. 16.—J. Field, Esq., President, in the chair.—The Annual General Meeting. The following gentlemen were elected to form the Council for the ensuing year:—J. Field, President; W. Cubitt, J. M. Rendel, J. Simpson, and R. Stephenson, M.P., Vice-Presidents; I. F. Bateman, G. P. Bidder, I. K. Brunel, J. Cubitt, I. Fowler, C. H. Gregory, J. Locke, M.P., I. R. Maclean, C. May, and J. Miller, Members; and W. Harding and T. Piper, Associates of Council. The Report of the Council was read. It gave reasons for the unusual delay in the publication of the Minutes of Proceedings,—and detailed

a plan for paying off the debt incurred for the alterations of the House of the Institution.—Telford Medals were presented to the Earl of Lovelace, Messrs. Harrison, Mitchell, and Ransome,—Council premiums of books to Messrs. Harrison and Jackson, —and Telford premiums of books to Messrs. Redman, Green, and Rankine. Memoirs were read of the deceased Members:—Messrs. B. Cubitt, T. Hopkins, S. Fowles, Members; Lieut.-Col. Brandreth, P. L. Campbell, F. Carleton, and T. E. Steele, Associates; and J. Pope, Graduate.—The President gave a memoir of the late George Stephenson, and his connexion with the combination of the fire-tubes and the blast-pipe in the locomotive, which constituted it the life of the present railway system.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Jan. 24.—T. Winkworth, Esq., in the chair.—Read a paper, by Prof. Woodcroft, 'On Steam Navigation.' We [ante, p. 65] give an account of Prof. Woodcroft's work on Steam Navigation,—of which this was a résumé.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.—Jan. 9.—S. Sharpe, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Beke read a paper 'On the Sources of the Nile.' In the total absence of unanimity among the natives of the countries watered by the various branches of the Nile as to which of those branches is the true head of that river, Dr. Beke proposed to consider as the sources of the Nile all those head-streams which rise along the extreme limits of the basin of that river, at the water-parting between it and the basins of other African rivers flowing towards the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean respectively; or possessing separate hydrographical systems unconnected with the ocean. He then proceeded to determine the position of the sources of the Nile, in accordance with this view of the subject.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Royal Institution, 3, P.M.—Mr. Carpenter 'On Palaeontology.'
WED.	Geological, half-past 8.
THUR.	Antiquaries, 8.
	—Royal, half-past 8.
	—Zoological, General Business.
	—Royal Institution, 3.—Dr. Gui 'On Physiology of Digestion.'
	—Royal Academy, 8.—Architecture.
FRI.	Archaeological Institute, 4.
	—Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Prof. Brande 'On the Theory and Practice of the Production of Light.'
SAT.	Botanical, 8.
	—Asiatic, 2.
SUN.	Royal Institution, 3.—Prof. Brande 'On Chemical Philosophy.'

FINE ARTS

Nineveh and its Remains; with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yazidis, or Devil-worshippers; and an Inquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians.
By A. H. Layard, D.C.L.

(Concluding Notice.)

As Mr. Layard did not purpose leaving Mosul immediately after despatching the sculptures from Nimroud, he decided on devoting a portion of the intervening time to the examination of some of the neighbouring mounds,—more especially to that of Kouyunjik, which contained the tomb of the Prophet Jonah. Here he discovered the remains of an edifice which had been destroyed by fire, and which resembled the palaces of Nimroud and Khorsabad; the bas-reliefs, however, being larger than those of Nimroud and generally inferior in execution. The whole are apparently contemporary with the remains at Khorsabad—as all the bricks dug out bear the name of the same king. The ruins were elevated about forty or fifty feet above the level of the plain; and the extraordinary accumulation of earth above them is a curious circumstance, appearing to us to indicate a second, and probably third, story as having once existed above the present walls, though now utterly destroyed. Unquestionably as much rubbish would be carried away by the strong winds of the Desert as may be brought by them; indeed, rather more—the tendency being always to fill up the hollows by the deposit of the material falling from elevations. Further researches at Kouyunjik could not fail to be productive of interesting and important results. The identity of the name of the king who caused them to be executed with that found on the well-known tablets near Beyrouth, or on the Nahr-el-Kelb monument brought to this country by Mr. Bonomi and deposited in the British Museum by the Duke of Northumberland, would

intimate that at the time of the building of the Kouyunjik palaces the Assyrian Empire extended to the borders of the Mediterranean: and this may furnish some clue to a date, as the tablet of Nahr-el-Kelb has been in our opinion satisfactorily shown to be subsequent to Rhamses the Second.

Mr. Layard correctly observes that the history of the Assyrian nation—

“as derived from its monuments is a subject hitherto left untouched; that its meagre, and mostly fabulous notices scattered through the works of ancient writers scarcely afford any aid—for Nineveh had almost been forgotten before history began. The examination of remains existing on the banks of the Tigris has been but limited. Many extensive ruins are yet unexplored; and it can scarcely be doubted that there are still mounds enclosing records and monuments the recovery of which would add greatly to our acquaintance with this long-lost people. Hitherto the only sources from which we can obtain any knowledge of Assyria are the bas-reliefs discovered in the ruins—one or two inscriptions on stones, bricks, and tiles—and a few relics such as seals and cylinders. But the sculptures furnish such ample details that when the inscriptions shall be more fully deciphered we may hope to ascertain the precise period of many of the events recorded in them, as well as the origin of many arts, myths, and symbols subsequently handed down to us through the medium of the Greeks.”

We have now to examine the evidence of the antiquity of the monuments. There can be little doubt that all those hitherto discovered are of date prior to the Persian Conquest. History and tradition unite in affirming that Nineveh was utterly destroyed by the conquerors; and the earlier Prophets rarely mention the name excepting to point out the desolation which was spread over the site of a once great city, as a special instance of divine vengeance and a warning to other nations against whom their prophecies were directed. In Xenophon's time the very name had been forgotten—and he describes it as a deserted city which had formerly been inhabited by the Medes. Strabo says that Cyaxares and his allies utterly destroyed the city,—and Lucian that even its vestiges did not remain. It is therefore certainly far more reasonable to refer the construction of the vast edifices discovered to a period anterior to the subjection of the city by the Kings of Persia than to suppose them to have been the work of the Persians,—who would have doubtless left some written record of the fact, as they have done in all other places where they have caused similar monuments to be erected. The Persian variety of the cuneiform is well known. It is found on all their monuments, and “was even used in Egypt, accompanied by hieroglyphics, after their conquest of that country. It occurs on all the monuments of the same period in Persia and Armenia, accompanied by translations in parallel columns in the Babylonian and Median writing:—but amongst the ruins of Assyria this Persian variety has never been found.

The Scythians, according to Herodotus, held Asia for twenty-eight years before the conquest of Assyria by Cyaxares, which happened 606 B.C.—a date remarkably consistent with the accounts of Scripture: and as such evidences of a high state of civilization, taste, and knowledge cannot be attributed to the Scythians,—who, Herodotus tells us, lost all they had obtained by their licentiousness and neglect,—the latest date we must go back to is 634 B.C. We quite agree with Mr. Layard that no one can justly assign these edifices to a later period. That, however, the various buildings were not of one period can be proved beyond a question:—by varieties of style:—by inscriptions in which certain formulae occur:—by the fact of the sculptured faces of the slabs being turned *against* the wall of sun-dried bricks and smoothed on the opposite side preparatory to their being used a second time:—and by the discovery of sculptured slabs lying in different parts of the ruins, where they had evidently been left whilst being removed to their intended new destination.

Before considering the inscriptions, it will be necessary to describe the process by which the names have been determined; as the arguments mainly depend upon the proof which these names afford. Two characters appear at one time to have been in use amongst the Assyrians. One, the cuneiform or arrow-headed, was probably the hieroglyphic,—and principally employed for monumental records: the other, the cursive or hieratic, may have been used in documents of a private nature or for public records of minor importance. There is this great distinction between the two—that whereas the cuneiform was

written from left to right, the cursive ran from right to left, seeming to show a distinct origin for the two modes of writing. To the indefatigable labours of Major Rawlinson we are indebted for translations of the inscriptions of Persepolis and Behistun, the correctness of which are most satisfactorily sustained by the dictionaries and vocabularies of the Sumerian and other early Indo-European languages. He has classed the cuneiform writings into the primitive Babylonian, found on bricks, cylinders, and tablets from ruins in Babylonia,—the Achæmenian-Babylonian in the trilingual inscriptions of Persia,—the Medo-Assyrian,—Assyrian,—and Elymean; in which division Mr. Layard concurs,—merely suggesting that early Assyrian and later Assyrian as Major Rawlinson was unacquainted with the earliest monuments of Nimroud at the time when he made the distinction, and consequently had not the fullest evidence to reason upon. The first records of the Assyrians were probably monumental,—and cut on the walls of temples or palaces or upon the face of rocks. When no convenient rock could be found, or when the boundaries of the kingdom had to be marked, a square pillar or slab was erected,—as on the summit of the Pass of Kel-i-shin and in the island of Cyprus: the more detailed records, however, being inscribed upon the public edifices. In the most ancient sculptures of Nimroud there are no representations of scribes; though in the more recent we find eunuchs noting the number of heads and the amount of spoil on some flexible material,—which Mr. Layard assumes could “scarcely have been papyrus, as that substance is too brittle to have been rolled or bent.” This argument is directly opposed to the fact of the papyrus being always rolled,—whence our word *volume*,—and to the numerous representations of men reading from manuscripts which they are unrolling. The most common mode of keeping records was on bricks, tiles, and cylinders, baked after the inscription was impressed; of which we have many specimens. A remarkable tile, on which is impressed the seal of the testator, is in the museum of Dr. Lee of Hartwell, who has published a lithograph of it. The inscriptions on the Babylonian bricks appear to have been stamped entire; whereas each character on the Assyrian bricks was made separately, and apparently cut with an instrument,—those characters on the cylinders being so elaborately minute that only an instrument of the most delicate construction could have produced them. The great antiquity of carving documents on stone is shown by the Bible; and from the passage in Job, “Oh that my words were written, that they were graven with an iron pen and *lead* in the rock for ever!” it has been conjectured that the engraved letters were filled up with lead.—The passage, however, may admit of the interpretation that the hammer was made of lead and the graver of iron: sculptors of the present day finding in practice, that they can produce equal and delicate incisions with the aid of the leaden hammer than they can by means of harder ones. In addition to the careful execution of the Assyrian and Persian inscriptions, every precaution to preserve them from the air seems to have been observed; for, according to Major Rawlinson, the remains of varnish, or some transparent substance, could still be traced over the surface of the tablet at Behistun. We cannot but notice one very important aid in deciphering Assyrian monumental writing:—it is the fact that no word is ever divided at the end of a line, but each is in preference finished on the side or back of the slab,—being even carried across figures when an interruption from drapery or other portions of sculpture takes place. The knowledge of this fact has enabled Mr. Layard to determine nearly all the words in inscriptions of similar import:—but, as our space will not allow us to follow him farther through his analysis of the various characters, we can only recommend his reasonable—and generally speaking convincing—deductions to the consideration of our readers.

As we have already intimated, Mr. Layard's researches have satisfied him that a very considerable period elapsed between the construction of the earliest and latest buildings discovered at Nimroud. We ourselves incline to this opinion;—and likewise to the belief that the ruins at Nimroud and the site of Nineveh are identical.—Scrip-

from right for the two labours of translation of the cuneiform, the cuneiform and has cleared Babylonian, the ruins in the tradi- Assyrian, division Mr. Assyrian was unac- Nimroud, and, con- sump- on no con- the pillar or the Pass of the more de- upon the of Nim- though in the number the flexible sses could ance is too. This argu- the papyrus sive, and in reading ing. The on bricks, scription was specimens. A seal of the cuneiform, who inscriptions have been the Assy- recently cut the cylinder an instru- should have of carving Bible; and words were in pen and conjectured with lead. the inter- and the ay finding equal and hidden han- domes. In the Syrian and to preserve served; for- ments of var- will be Behistun. ent aid in- g; — it is the end of in the side ed across or other knowledge determine import: follow my characters, and gene- the con-

yard's re- consider- ation of overed at his opinion: as at Nim- .—Scrip-

ture and ancient tradition place the latter on the eastern bank of the Tigris.—Strabo says that the city stood between the Tigris and the Lycus, or Great Zah,—and “Ptolemy places it on the Lycus. This evidence alone is sufficient to fix its true position, and to identify the ruins of Nimroud.” The dimensions of Nineveh, as given by Diodorus Siculus, were 150 stadia on the two longest sides of the quadrangle, and 90 on the opposite; the square being 480 stadia, or about 60 miles,—or, according to some, 74 miles. Mr. Layard says that by taking the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles as the corners of a square, the four sides will correspond pretty accurately with the 60 miles of the geographer and the three days’ journey of the Prophet Jonah. It is worthy of remark, that within Mr. Layard’s boundary is a straight line of mounds, or hills, extending from Khorsabad to Ain-el-sufra, which we presume bear the appearance of the work of man—such as walls and buildings thrown down by an earthquake or some besieging army; for the words “Gebel Maklub,” by which the range is designated by the Arabs, means the overturned,—and is the same epithet which distinguishes a remarkable ruin in the plains of Babylon in consequence of its presenting the appearance of having been overturned. We would suggest an examination of these mounds, as well as of all places called Tel or Koum. The Wadi Gehenm, which signifies “The Valley of Hell,” and the Wadi Genen, which signifies “The Bewildering Valley,” should also be examined—not only because they are in the vicinity of ruins, but because also such epithets were never given by the Arabs without some reason. In the mean time, as we have no difficulty in accepting the concurrent testimony of so many writers as to the extent of Nineveh, and in the absence of other data, we are willing to adopt the area set forth by Mr. Layard; though the points indicated certainly do not describe either a square or a parallelogram—the sides being all irregular. But we differ from his conjectures as to how the city was built. The mode and progress, as we conceive, were—first to mark out the extent of ground which the colony intended to occupy,—allowing ample space not only for buildings, but also for the pasture of flocks and herds and for the produce of grain. The next operation was to build the wall of sufficient height to protect the inhabitants from the attacks of wild beasts and the invasion of any future migration from the plains of Shinar. The materials used in forming the wall were dug out on the spot, and the works probably carried on under the direction of a chief, in the same way as works of similar description are still conducted in the East; and it was not until this boundary had attained a sufficient elevation and strength for the effective protection of the colonists—who in the meanwhile resided in tents—that other works were attempted. In process of time, temples and royal residences were constructed; until at last the tents and other temporary structures were exchanged for the more permanent brick and stone dwellings. This view of the case is fully confirmed by a curious sculpture on the walls representing just such an enclosure as we have described; the wall being fortified by towers, and there being within the space tents, with here and there a solid structure. There can be no doubt that flat roofs were employed for the buildings, and that the mode of construction best adapted to the nature of the materials at hand was practised. The massive walls of crude brick were incrusted with large flat pieces of alabaster, ingeniously fastened to each other and to the wall; the upper edges of which were further protected by several layers of well-burnt bricks. These formed at the same time a highly decorated band,—the front being painted with various designs continued all round the upper part of the chamber: the whole entirely excluding any damp or wet that might penetrate from the flat roof and have occasioned a splitting of the luminous stone underneath. Mr. Layard found no pillars at Nimroud; although there are representations of such supports in some of the older sculptures. He conjectures, however, that wooden columns may have been used:—and clearly if we judge from analogy the Assyrians must have employed such aids in construction. At Persepolis nothing but columns and doorways of hard black stone remain,—the walls, which were in all probability of unburnt brick, having entirely disappeared; and it is to this monument

the natural successor of those of Nineveh—that we should look as a legitimate source for those materials that may be wanting in Nineveh.

Our limits preclude an investigation of Mr. Layard’s luminous sketches of the origin and progress of the arts amongst the Assyrians,—of the connexion between the arts of Assyria, Persia, and Greece,—of the perfection of Assyrian embroideries, ornaments, arms, and domestic furniture,—of the vessels of gold and silver, glass, alabaster,—of paintings,—and of the knowledge of mechanics existing there. All these are full of valuable demonstrations of the civilization of the people. Nor can we enter upon the author’s inquiry into the military system of the Assyrians,—or into the nature of their worship as illustrated by the newly-discovered monuments. Suffice it to say, that where history has failed to chronicle the deeds of a nation which could maintain its sway over the largest portion of the then civilized world, and traditions in which its remembrance was preserved had perished before history was ready to receive them, the records of the people themselves have remained and are now materially before us. From them we may hope to fill up a part of a great blank in the history of the world,—and to learn how far the civilization and worship of that people may have affected the religious systems which have influenced all antiquity.

We cordially congratulate Mr. Layard on the result of his labours as a discoverer and as a writer. We have rarely read a work at once so entertaining and so instructive; or one which, while full of enthusiasm, is so entirely unaffected, clear and vigorous in style.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Saviour. Painted by Count d’Orsay, drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.—We have nothing to add to what we have already said on this subject—except that in the printing Mr. Lane’s drawing has realized the favourable expectations which we had formed when seeing it on the stone at the publisher’s.

The Wilkie Gallery. Parts 8 and 9.—These two numbers go some way towards retrieving the falling back in the two former ones. Some of the prints, though reproduced on so reduced a scale, have perfectly preserved the character due to the larger engravings. ‘The Errand Boy’ and ‘Guess my Name’ are favourable specimens. ‘The Highlander’s Return’ and ‘The Gentle Shepherd’ make a good pair of Scottish subjects. ‘The Clubbists’—an early picture, painted for Leigh Hunt—must always be regarded with interest, as pre-denoting that dramatic power in telling a story which was in after-life so high a quality of the painter’s art. In strong contrast to this is a portrait of Mrs. Young, the Consul’s wife, painted in 1841, during the artist’s fatal journey to the East.

FINE-ART Gossip.—There is another importation of Assyrian sculptures now unpacking in the British Museum. It consists chiefly of Lassi-rilevi, some pieces of which join on to the slabs already deposited, and are continuations of the subjects already described—some fine gigantic figures of the king and his cupbearer, admirably preserved, retaining all the minute ornaments on the embroidered robes—and another large figure of the vulture-headed divinity, in excellent condition. So beautiful are these specimens that they really ought to be protected by glass. We may probably give a detailed account when they are unpacked.

Monday the 9th and Tuesday the 10th of April are, we understand, the days appointed by the Council of the Royal Academy for the reception of pictures and other works of Art intended for the Exhibition.

Sir Richard Westmacott, the Professor of Sculpture, will commence his course of lectures to the students of the Royal Academy on Monday, February the 12th, and continue them on the five following Mondays. The Professor of Painting, Mr. Leslie, will deliver his course on Thursday February the 15th, and the five following Thursdays.

We have received a communication from Mr. Layard relative to some remarks which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 18th of November last (No. 1099, p. 1152), complaining of the removal of some of the inscriptions originally existing between the two rows of bas-reliefs in the chambers of the edifice at Nimroud. We think Mr. Layard will find

that his explanation of the matter has already been anticipated in our columns [*ante*, p. 72]; but we add the following extract from his letter, dated Constantinople, December 19, 1848.—

“The answer is simply this, that all new inscriptions such as were not repeated *ad infinitum*, were carefully preserved; as the slabs with inscriptions already in the British Museum, and those which will hereafter arrive, testify. But under and twelve or fourteen specimens of it will eventually be placed in the Museum. It is a mere *formula* without the *slightest variation*; and as I had to choose between sending home this *formula* repeated over and over again, or interesting bas-reliefs, I could not hesitate. The short inscription on one of the fragments now in the Museum [No. 3. in the *Athenæum* list] was all that remained, as the part of the slab cut off was worn to a honeycomb.”

France having at length succeeded in instituting a *de facto* Republic, is to have, after all, it seems, a Symbolical Figure of the same. From a number of candidates sent in, the Art-constituency have finally elected one—granting honourable mention to two others. Following the course adopted with regard to the real Republic, a variety of amendments and alterations were suggested in the symbolical one. The immortality of either the one or the other it were dangerous to predicate. The French people are by turns idolaters and iconoclasts.

At the Louvre the Spanish Museum has been opened, under the new arrangement which classes the works of Art according to their schools and nations.

A correspondent writes to us as follows.—“There is at Fir Grove, Weybridge, the residence of Sir John Easthope, a fine copy of the celebrated portrait of Jane, of Aragon, by Rafael,—the history of which is curious. It belonged to the present President of the French Republic; who asked Sir John 5,000 for it,—assigning a reason for this enormous demand that it was the original. He affirmed that his uncle, the Emperor, had had it copied—had hung the copy on the walls of the Louvre—and had given the original to Queen Hortense, his (the President’s) mother, from whom he inherited it. Sir John Easthope afterwards bought the picture at the sale of Louis-Napoleon’s effects, just before the celebrated débarcation at Boulogne. This is a remarkable specimen of ‘Les Idées Napoléoniennes’ with regard to honesty. Did the prince really expect to turn his uncle’s fraud into hard cash? Did he believe the story, and think it a clever thing, and his own title as against the French nation a good one?”

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

EXETER HALL.—The tenth Wednesday Concert had a programme in some respects superior to its predecessors. We were glad to hear again some of the music from Mr. Macfarren’s ‘Don Quixote,’—though insufficient rehearsal marred its effect; and it is so elaborately scored, that unless its accompaniments go “to a nicely” not only is the singer hampered but the music loses one half its charm. A dread of the pruning-knife and the waste-paper basket, a disregard of the powers of the executant, alone hinder the writer who could compose two such songs as ‘Ah, why do we love?’ and the bass aria ‘When Bacchus’ from taking a very high rank among European composers. The bass song on Wednesday suffered from being allotted to Mr. Schönhoff; who perhaps sang it in German, since the text was utterly inaudible. M. Thalberg played his best—but he never plays carelessly. Another feature of interest was Miss Lucombe’s singing of Beethoven’s grand scene ‘Ah perfido!’ Her reading of that fine and very difficult composition is excellent—marked by genius, judgment, and true expression: but let her watch her voice. Her obvious aspiration for what is grand and impassioned is particularly laudable in one whose executive facility is so great; but must be wrought out without undue attempts at force of tone—unless the Lady is content to be uncertain in *tune*. Miss Lucombe’s affinities to Madame Persiani are very great: but, if we mistake not, she has larger powers of conception and higher ambitions,

—and in right of these interests no more than the generality of her contemporaries. If the peculiar quality of her voice and its besetting weaknesses be duly and hopefully attended to by her, she may rise very high in her profession.—We do not profess to report upon every item of this Concert. Enough to say that we were prepared to hope that as regards

selections some improvement was in progress, till repelled by a threat—it cannot be called a promise—of more last appearances by Mr. Graham the elder!

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*French Comic Opera.*—A solemn report is hardly claimed by one-act *operettas*, even if the music be as carefully written as Boieldieu's 'Nouveau Seigneur du Village,' or the story be as whimsical as M. Scribe's 'Polichinelle.' We may ere long have an opportunity of offering something like a general character of the composer; and therefore shall for the moment pass this trifle by a first-rate hand. How pretty without being foolish is its overture! But we must not neglect the time present so far as recommending M. Scribe's drollery goes. It is founded on the well-known tale of the reduced London gentlewoman who married a man that gained his income by playing the part of cripple at a city crossing. The anecdote has, needfully enough, been decked with "ruffles and powder" when "performed at the French court"; since the heroine is here represented to be of noble blood,—while the husband does not trade upon bare eyes and crooked legs, but upon the hump and hooked nose of *Punch*, being in his mask the delight of all Naples, and without it the courteous, benevolent, delicately-minded and polite partner of the curiosity-bitten lady. The secret interviews with her *premier sujet* sought by the Vestris of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, an old fantastic, tender-hearted manageress, *La Bochetta*, of course stir up *Madame Polichinelle's* jealousy, till she becomes as irate as *Judith's* self. The *éclaircissement*, too, is excellently whimsical. In short, the merry little piece would be well worth seeing were it not mated with merry little music by M. Montfort which is perhaps hardly so well worth hearing.

HAYMARKET.—'The Stranger' was revived here on Tuesday,—having been performed at Windsor Castle on the previous Thursday. The cast has no special novelty,—and requires but this brief notice.

OLYMPIC.—A new comic drama in two acts, entitled 'Brigands in the Bud,' was produced on Monday. The plot consists simply of the freaks indulged in by the scholars from the University of Upsal; who disguise themselves as brigands and commit some petty larcenies, to the great terror of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Stirling performs *Ulric*, their chief; and Mr. Compton as *Count Max Taddeusberg* assumes woman's gear and passes himself off for "the Captain's Captain"—*alias* wife,—to the confusion of *Amelia* (Miss Acosta), a baron's daughter who is in love with *Ulric*. Some rather broad fun is elicited from this situation. In the end, the pseudo-brigands are captured and recognized—and all is satisfactorily explained, laughed at, and forgiven. The performers fully entered into the spirit of the piece:—which, however, is far from being of so meritorious a character as most of the vaudivilles that have been lately produced on these boards.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

This sprightly stanza of Miss Barrett's might be "set up" in permanence as motto for Opera Gossip, in place of the old symbolical *Lyre* which the Dodleys or the Bells would have used as head-piece or tail-piece when the mischief in hand was Music. The Italian Opera-house at Paris has been re-opened,—with Mdlle. Albini and Signori Ronconi and Lablache; who, under the fostering eye of M. le Président, have been "doing wonders" in "La Cenerentola." Mdlle. Albini is said to be meditating an ascent to the *soprano* repertory,—being about, rumour adds, to attempt the part of *Ninetta*. Let the lady and her friends be warned in time that this will hardly answer; since, however her voice may be forced upwards, its force and real working power reside in its lower register,—and 'La Gazz' is not an opera in which make-believe singing in the concerted music will carry the *artiste* through. The experiment, too, is proverbially hazardous.—Will neither of our opera-managers afford us an opportunity of judging of the *tenore* Signor Calzolari? The description of this gentleman by M. Fétilis inspires the idea that he must be an artist more likely to be

come popular in England than the best of the *pseudo-dramatic* bawlers from Italy who now-a-days call themselves singers. M. Rommy (?), a French baritone, who has sung a good deal in Italy, is here, willing to be gracious—Mr. Lumley or Mr. Delafield assenting. M. Mengis, too, a French tenor, is here;—in waiting upon Mr. Mitchell? The programmes of the former gentlemen must now shortly appear that to record the spirited reports and angry contradictions of which they are the objects would be to waste time and type.

We are absolved by the unanimous verdict of our contemporaries from the necessity of reporting on the *per-version* of Harold's 'Marie,' enacted under the auspices of Mr. Maddox. Such disadvantages of production as are described bear cruelly hard upon poor dramatic musicians, dead or living. Harold has been long beyond the reach of mortification and injury,—but Halévy is not; and much is it to be desired that so clever a composer may not be here compromised by a like destruction of his 'Val d'Andorre,'—the music of which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing. Why the managers of English opera should show so persevering a determination to tempt the musical public out of the theatre and into the concert-room, is a puzzle the solution of which must be left to the *Martin Toultronds* who know doubtless some deeply philosophical reason why the amusements offered to London play-goers should not be amusing.

There is some possibility that M. Alard, who ranks in Paris among the first-class violin-players of classical music, will come to London this season. Meanwhile, we cannot cease to wish that Herr Ernst would return as leader of the *Beethoven Quartett Party*; or failing him, Herr David,—who, we are once more told, may possibly visit London this spring.—A friend, on whose excellent judgment we have every reliance, mentions *Pianoforte Quintett* by Herr Schumann as original, full of character, well constructed, and simple. A work thus described is well worth inquiring for by our chamber musicians;—though such as recollect the *Pianoforte Quartett* by the same composer performed last year at the *Musical Union* [Ath. No. 1066] can scarcely be expected to believe in the praise till they have heard for themselves. Should Herr Schumann work himself clear, his will be one of the most singular cases of metamorphosis which the annals of Music furnish. But we have long since ceased to conceive that any one Artist's career was a pattern which every man could follow; save in this point, that work there must be—ever going on and going forward.

M. Manuel Garcia has arrived in London; with the intention, we believe, of remaining here as a professor of singing.—Mr. and Mrs. G. Macfarran have returned from their tour in America.

The next performances of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* will comprise Beethoven's Mass in c and the 'Lobgesang' of Mendelssohn. The latter, it may be said, has never hitherto been properly heard in London.

The ballad epidemic appears to be on the increase, if we are to judge from the fourth page of the *Times* with its lengthening list of desperate cases. The row of new ditties, each one with its little *pat* of subjoined praise, makes a quaint bit of reading. *Heaven is my home*, by Mr. Edwin Flood, is warranted as an "exquisite and touching" serious song.—The "enthusiastic reception" of Mr. Sims Reeves's new song, *Madoline*, by Mr. S. Nelson, is described as "almost unprecedented." Close to this comes Mr. E. M. Spencer's *They say I'm forgotten*, which is "pronounced by the press the most charming ballad of the season." But somebody else, in the very next tempting paragraph, "never remembers in" his "long experience to have heard a composition so truly delightful and at the same time partaking the elements of popularity as Jenny Lind's *Good Night*." *Dearest, then I'll love you more*, an answer to 'Will you love me then as now,' must "pull caps" with Mr. Spencer's tune; "since," if report may be trusted, it also is "one of the most successful songs of the season." Mr. A. Lee's *Farewell, ye happy Hours*, and *Sweet Lady, good night*, "are daily rising in public estimation," saith the public enthusiast.—From these we go merrily on to Mr. William Warde's *Thirty New Comic Songs on the Topics of the Day*, price Sixpence, &c. &c. &c. &c. An *autolycus* is wanted to comment on these novelties—since we

fear that they belong to the family with which neither Lyrists nor Musicians have much acquaintance. We would fain have our *Dorcas* and *Mopas* "who love a ballad even too well, if it be a doleful mirth, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably," "alimented"—as the Scotch say—with better food. If we must look for no more Irish Melodies from Moore, are we never to have a second gathering of English Songs from Barry Cornwall for our young men to set and our maidens to sing? For the moment, the reign of trash is discouraging.

The managers of the Parisian Theatres have just united in a formal protest against the dues claimed by the hospitals (the tax being 5 per cent.) on each performance; the plea being their general ruin, with a particular specification of the bad receipt of December 1848 and January 1849.—Meanwhile, the provincial confraternity in France is entreating Government for its support on like grounds. Now the shrewdest of readers, unless circumstances have indulged him with a peep behind the curtain into what Jules Janin once called the *cuisine* of journalism, would hardly guess any fact of the kind from the Parisian papers,—which profess, nevertheless, to reflect the times we live in. Doubtless the hospitals do press upon the theatres and concerts—doubtless the unsettled times have exercised a bad influence upon public amusements; but other causes have contributed to this exhaustion of Art in Paris,—and none more largely than the tone and temper of French criticism. How vast has been the amount of barricades set up by *MM. le Journaliste* beyond the power of any unknown or unfeigned person to pierce—of petty local reputations inflated to a disproportioned magnitude, the greatness of which has been the excuse cited against activity in research—of fulsome nourishment to an *amour propre* virtually far more insatiable in vivacity than German dreaminess or British phlegm. Corresponding principles of sale and barter, not openly inculcated but wrought out by every device which rapacious cupidity could plan and self-interested cowardice submit to, have ended in producing their inevitable result,—indifference on the part of the public—vanity, frivolity, and prejudice among the traffickers—an impossibility among the worthiest creators to enter "the hell of suing" (as Mother Hubbard's tale puts it), the soiling maze of intrigue, or the costly course of direct bribery. The lesson is worth sad and severe study in England. While the rule thereof is admitted by us, let every one look to its being kept, not merely in spirit, but in letter.

Meanwhile, few "utterances" of the day are more whimsical than the edict of the Governor of Mantua. This peremptory gentleman, says the *Gazette Musicale*, has insisted upon the Opera-house of that town being opened at Carnival time, as usual; promising such municipal and official assistance as may be required for the maintenance of a spectacle so excellently calculated to compose the spirits of the disaffected,—and threatening such of the town's people as won't go with a black mark as contentious and ill-disposed citizens!—Had the Italians leisure for caring about their musical theatre, they would, we presume, be wearing "crape and black draperies" (as the translation of the *libretto* phrased it) because of the retirement of Mdlle. Löwe, who has just married an Austrian prince. She was popular in Italy; having been previously—now ten years since, or thereabouts—a favourite in Berlin to a degree not easy for Londoners to credit. Though a lady-like and intelligent person and a graceful actress, she was one of the least agreeable singers of inordinate pretension and high reputation that we ever heard; and proved totally unable to take a first rank either in France or in England.—The Genoese do not appear to require persuasion after the Mantuan fashion to celebrate their carnival musically; since Miss Hayes has been singing 'Lucia' there with her usual success. Much is it to be hoped that she will leave *The Bride of Lammermoor* on the Sardinian side of the Alps; since her sorrows as set by Donizetti have been worn intolerably threadbare.

The papers record the death last week of the widow of the late John Banister, formerly Miss Harper, at the advanced age of ninety-two. This lady was an operatic singer, and made her *debut* in

1776. She

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Resetta in 'Love in a Village,' at the Haymarket in 1776. She retired in 1792.

The performances at Liverpool in aid of the fund for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. Hammond have been marked by strong professional sympathy. Not only did Miss Cushman perform gratuitously, and the lessee grant the use of the theatre free of cost, but the orchestra, servants, scurries, and indigent women attached to the establishment volunteered their assistance without remuneration. The receipts, it is stated, are expected to amount to £240; but the private subscription has not, we fear, been equally successful.

MISCELLANEA.

Aneroid Barometers.—We have received a letter from Mr. Dent in reply to our remarks on this subject in our last number; which, in fairness to him, we print—omitting only the first paragraph as irrelevant.

The assertion of my having affirmed that in the Aneroid of M. Vidi a compensation for the variations of temperature is effected by *gas*, I acknowledge to be perfectly true. In the civil parenthesis "absurdly enough" I shall not trouble you with any further remark than that writers on physical subjects seldom employ language of this description unless they are morally certain they must be right. The conviction of the Manager of the Western Institution, Leicester Square, that there is "no provision whatever in the Aneroid Barometer, as sold, for correction of temperature" is certainly founded on a mistake. That the instrument is compensated I know from experiment; and I also know that the compensation is not effected by any bow piece. I have heard of but one price for the Aneroid fixed by the patentee, M. Vidi,—viz., three guineas; neither is there any difference of construction to suit respectively the scientific man and the public in general. You have asserted that "the same agent," meaning myself, "delivered a lecture at the Western Institution, in which he made a similar statement;" alluding to the compensation by *gas*. I am justified in saying that such an assertion is "absurd enough," since I never even entered that Institution in my life.

In answer to this we must distinctly state that we are "morally certain" that it is physically impossible that any gas can be effective in compensating for variations of atmospheric temperature. It is an established law that all gases expand equally for equal increments of heat. The patentee claims the only practical method for compensation—namely a compound metallic bow piece. There is not, says Mr. Dent, any "bow piece." Then, there is a deception practised somewhere, which demands an explanation. — The wording of the article from which we quoted led us to believe that Mr. Dent had lectured at the Western Institution; we find, however, on inquiry, that the lecture was given by Mr. Malcolm the manager—but that Mr. Dent "declined to allow the works of the barometer to be shown" on that occasion.

Solemn Deposition of the Pope.—Yesterday evening [Dec. 29] at sunset, the Castle of St. Angelo by the discharge of one hundred and one guns announced to the world that the dynasty which had reigned over Rome for one thousand and forty-eight years has come to a close,—and a new government is to be called into being by the mandate of the whole population assembled in a constituent representative body by universal suffrage. The great bell of the Capitol, which only tolls for the death of a pope, pealed solemnly. It was exactly on the 24th of November (the fatal night of the flight of Pio Nono) that in the year of our Lord 800 Charlemagne arrived in Rome to be crowned on Christmas Day of that year by Leo III., and to institute and formally corroborate the donation of Pepin by the erection of the papal sovereignty. That arrangement, the key-stone of the arch of European politics for the following eight centuries, was occasionally disturbed,—and in our own times the papacy has relapsed into its mere spiritual essence twice, under the two popes of Pius VI. and VII.; but these occurrences were from without—by external pressure and accidental combination. The papacy had a recuperative energy within the Roman States:—but now the disconnecting agency is from within, and for the first time the Romans themselves have declared that no priest shall hold king's authority in Rome.—*Correspondent of the Daily News.*

Electric Telegraphs.—In our Scientific Gossip of the 13th inst. we referred to a communication which we had received from Mr. Lake of Gosport, describing a plan devised by him—

for protecting electric telegraphs from atmospheric elec-

tricity, which so often deranges their action. It consists of pairs of lightning conductors at intervals of about thirty-six feet, or at each of the wooden supports of the telegraphic wires, the conductors being placed one on each side of the wires from which they should also be equi-distant. These conductors are to be constructed of round iron, with all the usual precautions; and their points at top to be three inches apart, that each may receive an equal quantity of electricity from the atmosphere at the same time. Two conductors are employed at each point, that the one may neutralize any current that may be induced in the wires by the other when the conductors are struck by lightning.

Similar disturbances of the telegraphic need not take place during the appearance of Aurora Borealis, and sometimes during the day when no aurora is visible. Mr. Highton relates a curious disturbance of this kind which took place in the Watford tunnel. On this occasion the magnets were rendered useless during three hours—being constantly deflected to one side. Now, as these disturbances are dependent entirely on the earth's magnetism, and in no way connected with the ordinary manifestations of atmospheric electricity, a method is still wanting for preventing these disturbances.

American Newspapers.—One thing rejoices us greatly, that we can send our newspapers and periodicals cheaply to your country. Our editors begin to talk of their English circulation. Look out for some "tall specimens" of newspapers. We have heard that there is one published in the far west, where ink and paper are so scarce that the types are blackened with bog mud and the journal is printed on a pocket-handkerchief. After the subscriber has read the news, he washes the paper and sends it back in time for the next number. We do not, of course, anticipate the circulation of such newspapers in England, to any great extent!—*Daily News.*

Elastic Moulds.—At the School of Design, Mr. Young Mitchell, the master, gave a lecture, illustrated by experiments, on the art of making elastic moulds. It has great advantages over the old plan. The moulds may be made at small cost, and with great rapidity. That which would occupy five or six days in the modelling may be furnished by this process in half that number of hours. By the facility thus afforded beautiful forms may be multiplied so cheaply as to be brought within the reach of all. The principal material used for the elastic moulds is glue or gelatine. The best fish glue will answer as well as gelatine, and is much cheaper. The material is dissolved, like glue, in a vessel placed over the fire in a pot of hot water, stirring it during the process. To each pound of the gelatine it is necessary to add three-quarters of a pint of water and half an ounce of bees' wax. It is ready for use when about the thickness of syrup. The model must be oiled carefully with sweet oil, and the composition must be poured upon it while warm, but not boiling. Having set, it may be taken off the model. When the model is small it should be placed in a shoe or case, which gives facility for shaking the mould well when the plaster is poured, so as to drive it well into the crevices. The plaster should be fine; and in order that it may harden and set quickly, about half an ounce of alum should be added to each pint of water used in mixing it. Before using the mould it should be carefully oiled. Great care is required in mixing the plaster, and watching it when in the mould, for if it be allowed to remain long enough to heat, the mould is destroyed. Mr. Mitchell exhibited moulds, and casts were taken from them in the presence of the audience.—Mr. Mitchell also exhibited a specimen of stearine, and explained how casts may be made with a shining and wax-like appearance.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. H.—C. R. W.—A. A. P.—S.—A Constant Reader—T. Th.—D. H.—N. H. R.—T. C.—H. M.—H. W.—M. L. T.—received.

NOEL A. is informed, with thanks, that the *Athenæum* never accepts volunteer reviews.

T. N. C. must be aware, we think, on consideration, that the case to which he refers is one which does not come properly within the cognizance of the *Athenæum*.

We have received from Mr. Lake, of Gosport, a long communication of "A Plan for connecting the Electric Telegraph with America." We cannot open the columns of the *Athenæum* to merely speculative projects. When the experiment shall have been successfully made between our island and the Continent, it will be time enough to dream of crossing the Atlantic.—On the subject of the "Book Postage" we cannot offer an opinion.

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